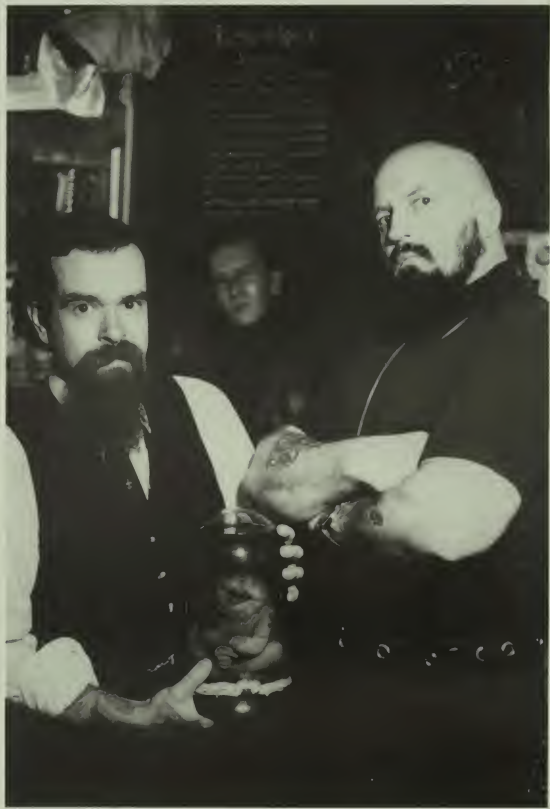


# HEADPRES 7

Adults Only

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# sex ~ religion ~ death HEADPRESS

*"The poor devil whom everyone scorns is sometimes very useful."*

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# COMMENT

There is a dream history. That is, the dream itself has a dream life, commencing long before you enter it and continuing to run after you have left. I recognised people in my dream that I don't know in my awake life. We were in a church hall – or some big hall, maybe a school – me and some other people. There was one guy who was in charge (of what, I don't know). He and I had met before. I *dream* recognised him. It all had something to with engineering. He was trying to show us something *very important*, but me and the others weren't interested. We decided to trash all of his machinery – a big metal platform at the back of the hall with *technical* stuff on it. I told the others it would be alright to trash his stuff because last time this guy did anything like this, he electrocuted himself. We trashed the metal platform, throwing and kicking around the stuff that was on top of it – this guy was about to electrocute himself if we didn't. When it came time to plug in the *big bulb*, the one that had killed him previously, sparks began to fly and the bulb rose into the air... like it was supposed to do. Outside the hall, snow was falling. I was sure my tracks would be followed. In the distance was a baboon. I said it must have escaped from the zoo (the dream history I *knew* there had been a breakout at the zoo. I *knew* there was a zoo). The next thing is we're looking down along Stand Lane – you know how it is: it looks like Stand Lane, but isn't. Suddenly, an articulated lorry is stopped in the middle of the road. I see

me, Gino and Richard and we all hop onto the back of it. When the driver returns, he agrees to give us a lift. However, as he's about to get in the cab he somehow manages to uncouple it by mistake, and the cab goes rolling down the hill. I don't know if I tell him to run after it, but that's what I'm thinking he should do. When the cab hits a roadblock it ricochets back up the hill. It's really out of control now, bouncing from one side of the road to another, moving sideways and spinning round. Heading right for us. But it loses momentum, stopping just short of our truck, and heads back down the hill. Of course, upon hitting the roadblock, it makes its way back up again, only faster. About to smash into us for sure this time, the cab tumbles over and stops dead. *Headpress 9: Dream Machine* issue? Let us know. Meantime, issue 8 is **Big Sexyland**.

Okay, before we go any further, let's announce the Savoy competition result. Winner of CDs, a one-off hand-printed Jessie Matthews/Lord Horror T-shirt, £100 cash and a surprise gift (*of a further £100 cash*), is – no accusations of nepotism please, he was simply the one who got most question right! – K.A. Beer of Derbyshire. Check out an earlier issue to find a photo of K.A. As he is temporarily loaded, if you spot him on the street, point and say "You are K.A. Beer, I claim my free pint!" We're sure he will quite happily take you to the nearest pub and buy you a beer.

David Kerekes



# THE INFERNAL MACHINE

Nick Abrahams

Joe Coleman is Charles Manson's favourite artist. He is most people's nightmare. Joe Coleman is the antidote to all the Disneylands, all the Hollywoods, all the dreams, all the lies, to all things you believe in. He is an artist who paints the world as it really is - angry and spiteful, a mass of open sores, a world of continual exploitation, of degradation and pain. The good old US of A.

There are times in your life when you need a prop, something or someone who can point you in the right direction. Some people turn to religion, some engross themselves in their work, others end up in asylums - luckily for me, in New York in 1991, I bumped into Joe Coleman.

Some might think Joe mad, others that he's a madman - I simply discovered a man with conviction, a man who believes in what he does, and is willing to continually expose himself to pain and criticism.

So why isn't Joe Coleman famous? Why does the Institute of Contemporary Art hold exhibitions of art about 'Art', semantic questions for people as dull as fuck, when they could be exhibiting Joe's particular form of Art Brut, schizoid collages, snapshots from the decaying civilisation - New York. And in the *Headpress* definition of the term,

Joe Coleman is definitely a 'crazy person'. So he's in *Mondo New York*. So he's in *ReSearch*. So he's in *Raw*. What the hell, just look at his paintings . . .

**Joe Coleman:** I set the school field on fire which was an important experience for me, because as a child I felt powerless, I felt powerless at home, I felt powerless at school . . . I never felt that I belonged. This rage finally materialised itself into an act, and the act of setting on fire then caused adults to put out the fire, and this felt powerful, to be able to create all this activity, all these fire engines . . . I was expressing internal pain, a physical manifestation of internal pain, because there's a fire inside, and suddenly, there's a fire outside.

*Pain . . . living is painful . . . Joe sits in a wheelchair in his Lower East Side apartment in New York. It's more of a museum than an apartment, decked out with a bizarre collection of treasures, a gallery of perverse . . . a pickled baby, paintings by Gacy, a lock of Manson's hair, a stuffed double-headed goat, waxwork dummies, paintings by Joe himself . . . paintings in deep focus - Joe often paints with a single bristle, starting at a single point and working outwards until the canvas is covered with images of pain.*





It's hard for me to relate to people who don't have pain, who think that life is great, it's hard for me to understand that Death during the Middle Ages was nicknamed 'the Cruel', but to me death is merciful, it's life which should be nicknamed 'the Cruel'. But I want to survive, I want to deal with what it is to survive, and I think that the purpose of life is also to suffer, and to suffer and die is what you learn in life. Modern life tries to eliminate pain – like the act of giving birth should be painful, the act of being born is painful. But nowadays there are painkillers – there's a need to deny pain, to deny death.

People are being kept alive, people are being born who nature intended to die . . . nature did not expect so many people to be alive

*Coleman's pictures are crowded, overcrowded, a world overpopulated and populated by murderers – in his paintings, everyone is guilty.*

Joe is best known for his 'exploding body' act, in which he used to . . . explode his body. This sort of activity meant that many people saw him as being seriously deranged. In one state of the USA, he was cited for being in charge of an "infernal machine", meaning himself. Actually, Joe is seriously deranged – he's opening up those areas in himself most people keep under lock and key.

He used to bite the heads off live rats as part of his act – re-inventing the 'geek' act for contemporary America. These are not the acts of a Shaman performing for a community, but the acts of cleansing for an individual. Joe talks a lot about 'the exteriorising of rage', bringing to mind David Cronenberg films such as *The Brood* or *The Fly* of which Joe turns out to be a fan.



I've met several 'freaks' who I've travelled with. Bob Melvin was billed as the two-faced man, he worked in sideshows – he had these horrible tumours growing on the side of his face. In my childhood I would often visit the circus and the freakshows. The reason I developed this fascination with deformed people is that, on one level a physical, external manifestation of internal pain, which I could identify with – I felt a physical deformity expressed the pain inside me. Sometimes in expressing pain I've done things like scarring myself in such a way as to explain what was going on inside, and to draw it outside, expressing it on the outside. I had the need to do that, and that's why I could identify with the 'freak' and Bob Melvin, the very word 'freak', the derogatory connotations of it, were attractive to me, because I felt like a freak and I was called a freak, so I took it on as a way of adopting the role of suffering as a way of regaining spiritual redemption.

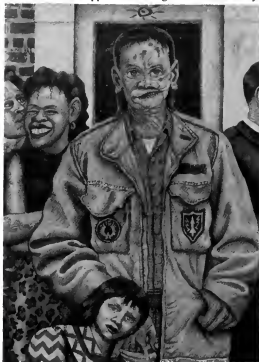
Joe has also been accused of glorifying murderers (his quasi-religious painting of Manson, his pictures of *Panzer*), but his use of this imagery is not just for shock tactics, but part of this empathy with the rage in certain people. The murderer exemplifies the man or woman who stands up for him or herself, who accepts the consequences of their actions: god knows, people hide behind multitudinous veils, refusing to take responsibility for their actions, refusing to actually live. Jean Genet said that his aim was "being there," experiencing the moment and not hiding behind some consensus reality.

The day before, we had talked a great deal about the murderer and his or her role in society. Here Joe

*explains about his identification with the murderer Laura Dahn:*

Other than Albert Fish and Panzram, the mass murderer I feel the most compassion for is Laura Dahn, who was called 'the Schoolhouse Killer'. She went to elementary school and shot the children, and before that she placed poison in numerous houses of her neighbours in the suburbs. The reason I feel such compassion for Laura Dahn is that I identify with her: her tragedy is incredible. She grew up in a household where no love was shown to her, and she was always afraid of abandonment. She had Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. She would have to do things like avoid cracks, she had obsessive rituals to prevent catastrophes, which I also did as a child too. There were many rituals that I would perform so that my family would be okay, so that my mother would not be hurt. And they were rituals, they were magic. Somehow the belief got inside me that I could control these uncontrollable events, and that's what Laura did. She would act out rituals to make everything alright, and if she would not, she felt that terrible things would happen, and that's the down side of it, that it ended up controlling her life. She became increasingly convinced that if she did not perform these rituals something awful would happen and the fear of it also caused her to do it. She became so obsessed with the fear that she *might* do something horrible that she *did* do something horrible.

Also her suppression of anger – I had difficulty



with anger too, I had to suppress it, I had to *eat* it. As a child the only person in my family who was allowed to get angry was my father, so I had to suppress it. But you can't just swallow anger, it has to get out, to escape, otherwise it will explode. Finally I was able to harness that anger, to channel it, in the same way my Grandfather had, who was a boxer.

The identification is important as to my interest in mass murderers – the need to find myself in Panzram or Laura. She went through a marriage which ended terribly because of her great need to be shown that she was loved. But whatever you did for her, she could never believe she was being loved. Her marriage broke up. Every little thing that happened to her, she could not express the anger – she swallowed it all.

So then it started coming out. First in the form of phonecalls – she would call someone and then hang up on them. She was so lost, so powerless. She had lists of all the people who had wronged her, which included people who had no idea they had wronged her. By now the fear was so overwhelming she left poison in these houses in the suburbs. It was only later that the police – trying to work out why those houses were chosen – discovered the reason from the writings that she had left. One of the houses was that of a relative of someone who had said something bad about Laura one day. That's how meaningless it could be.

She set fire to one house hoping to kill the mother and child who were in the basement and who she baby-sat for. Her major reason for wanting to kill them was that they had the happy family image that the media told her she should have. That she was denied this was so distressing to her that she had to set fire to the house in an effort to kill them. Like she had to kill the children at the schoolhouse, the childhood happiness that she was denied, the love that she was denied.

It's a tragedy, a horrible story, what she did. As with all these murderers most people don't want to look at what is in there, and don't want to admit that Laura's like them. Most people want to deny that there's anything like that in them, but to deny that is to deny that you're human and to deny life itself. That's why I want to find the worst aspects of myself, to make peace with it, and to find forgiveness for myself. If I can forgive and understand Carl Panzram, then I can forgive myself.

**COSMIC RETRIBUTION:****THE INFERNAL ART OF JOE COLEMAN**

(Fantagraphics Books/Feral House, 1992)

**THE MYSTERY OF WOLVERINE WOO-BAIT**

(Joe Coleman, 1982)

The art of Joe Coleman – that is something you should see. His acrylics are exquisite but ugly too. Ugly people doing ugly things beautifully. A collection of his canvases and pen and ink work is *Cosmic Retribution*, a ravaged world on the brink of total armageddon. The streets are a no man's land where dogs fuck the corpses of women in the mouth and, in the relative safety of a run-down shack, physical anomalies, geeks, amputees, go jaw-to-jaw with the normal folk – those for whom block-busting seabs ooze pus. Kicking off with an interview with the artist, *Cosmic Retribution* sees many rare pieces from the Coleman back catalogue. Alongside the illustrated ease history of Carl Panzram are band posters, film show posters, book jackets, early sketches. Also may be found

are the cover paintings to *The Mystery of Wolverine Woo-Bait*. A 280x350mm, 32pp comicbook, *Woo-Bait* is a homage to the freakshow by way of German expressionism and *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. Senator Muro is abducted and decapitated in a car accident. The severed head manages to call for help and is taken to Frank at the W.E.F.Y. lab. Frank sustains the head in a solution. A sideshow hawker drums up business for his freakshow. The Senator's head needs a body. Lab guards are dispatched, but end up in a shoot-out with a black gang. The freakshow – products of Frank's genetic dabblings – want Muro's head for their exhibit. Black men eat the flesh of the "white demon." Frank's brother, who abducted the Senator in the first place, tries his own genetic experiment and makes a clone of Rondo Hatton. He sees on the news that the Senator is actually still alive. Everyone wants that head. Martians invade. Jews rise from their graves to become "the children of destiny." A sexy lab assistant makes love to Jo-Jo, the wolf-man... **David Kerekes**



# KILLING for CULTURE

**KILLING FOR CULTURE** is a unique, definitive investigation into images of death – both real and staged – which have been captured on film either for cinematic, or more sinister, purposes: the complete history of the so-called "snuff movie" aesthetic. Included is a radical critique of feature films which have incorporated a "snuff" element; a comprehensive history of "Mondo" movies and "shockumentaries"; analysis of the validity or otherwise of supposedly real-life "snuff" footage, and its links with certain individuals and organisations; a summary of other real deaths captured on film such as live-TV suicides, executions, news-reel footage etc; and a comprehensive filmography. The whole book is profusely illustrated with rare and extraordinary photographs from cinema, documentary and real life.

Disgraced State Treasurer R. Budd Dwyer holds a press conference and blows his brains out live on television.

A low-budget movie does great box-office when released as "Snuff", implying in its ad campaign that a real murder has occurred before the camera.

During a routine check, a police officer is set upon and murdered by three men, oblivious to the fact they are being recorded on videotape.

Exploitative documentaries such as "Excuse Me, Do You Like Sex?" and "Language of Love" are succeeded by the likes of "Faces of Death" and

"The Shocks", which show people killing and being killed.

A retired engineer ingests a lethal cocktail of drugs, faces a camcorder and explains that he is now about to die.

Replaying concert footage, the Rolling Stones watch in disbelief as Hell's Angels stab to death a member of the audience.

Confiscation of a film of Asian origin – depicting the mutilation and eventual decapitation of a young woman – leads to an international investigation and arrest...

**KILLING FOR CULTURE** is a necessary book which examines and questions the primal human fascination with images of violence, dismemberment and death, and the way our society is coping with a growing profusion of these disturbing yet compelling images from all quarters.

**KILLING FOR CULTURE** has been written and compiled by David Kerekes and David Slater, the editors of **HEADPRESS** magazine. An **ANNIHILATION** Book.

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# FROM HELL

## round-up of the usual suspects

Steve Green

Well, that's a fucking relief. Judging by the dipshit pronouncements of Mjr Major and his cronies (namecheck there for Heller fans), the necrotic canker at the heart of British society can be blamed fair and square on movies and television. Forget all those stupid theories about poverty, unemployment and a plummeting faith in the judicial system; the next time some kid jumps you on the way back from the pub and tries a little amateur brain surgery with the nearest half-brick, you can rest assured that the grey-suited wanker will dash out of Number 10 and reel off his standard condemnation of the evil geniuses behind *Casualty* and *Reservoir Dogs*.

Not that we can expect any better from a generation of politicians for whom passing the buck has become an autonomic function, but far more disturbing is the way the current explosion in crime statistics is being presented as a modern phenomenon. As 'recently' as 1886, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner was forced to resign following a riot in Mayfair by 3,000 unemployed dockers and labourers, whilst the following November his successor, Sir Charles Warren, sent more than 4,000 police officers and soldiers into Trafalgar Square to clear it of squatters; the East End, described in Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* as 'an evil plexus of slums that hide human creeping things', had grown to resemble Hong Kong's notorious 'hidden city', Warren's subsequent search for Britain's most infamous serial killer crippled from onset by his officer's refusal to enter its darker depths, even in teams of three. And these are the golden days of Victorian values? Like fuck.

Downing Street's endemic amnesia is nowhere near as nauseating, however, compared to the gut-churning behaviour of BBC mandarin Alan Yentob. Within weeks of taking over BBC1, the chickenshit jobsworth was apologizing for screening the final episode of *Casualty* in the early evening (the only elements worthy of apology were the braintead script and the formula acting), lamenting the coincidence of *Eastenders*' kidnap sub-plot with the murder of two-year-old James Bulger and, most sickening, admitting the "error" of running a *Rough Justice* special on Patrick Kane a mere 12 days after the

Warrington bombing. Tragic and pointless as the killing of Jonathan Ball and Tim Parry were, Yentob's supplication over the Kane documentary - an attempt to free a man apparently falsely convicted for complicity in a double murder in West Belfast five years ago, a rare example of real journalism - was an inexcusable nadir in broadcasting standards. The BBC used to boast "Nation shall speak truth unto nation" as its motto; all Yentob's fluent in is bullshit. On the other hand, it makes a twisted kind of sense. When leaving the opera, it's easier to pretend the hypothermic homeless scattered in your path are invisible rather than confront the social inequalities implicit in their struggle to survive. If a drama series dares to criticize the Tories' remorseless dismantling of the National health service (a further £1.6 billion cut this year, in case anyone's counting), it's more reassuring for their supporters to assault the perceived bias of the programme-makers than to question the politics of scrapping the welfare state. And as the British legal system degenerates into a jet-black comedy, far less embarrassing to let an innocent man rot in his own shit than to place the myth of British justice itself in the dock.

For a more realistic portrait of our times, check out David Selbourne's 'Jewish history' *The Spirit of the Age* (Sinclair-Stevenson) which, despite the strains of its author's ethnic agenda, strips away the cynical veneer of post-Thatcher Britain to reveal the decay within. Out of the city, Selbourne writes, "struggle the suburban homegoers, the weary, the increasingly scared (or neurotic), the rich, and the defeated or disillusioned. In this maelstrom there is increasing pressure and increasing depression. The very mood of the buildings of many of our cities reflects the sense of over-use, anonymity, exhaustion. From the days of post-war austerity and slum clearance, East and West, millions of citizens have been left a legacy, greyly egalitarian, of mean ideas, a pinched vision and poor materials, a legacy which stands drab guard over the spirit [...] High-rise bunkers for a short while elevated the hopes of those who lived in them. But they swiftly became, and remain, for the most part prisons."

Welcome to the Gulag, suckers.

Postscript: The appeal by the five defendants in the so-called "Spanner" trial (Sex, Crimes & Videotape, last issue) was rejected by a 3:2 majority in the House of Lords on 11 March, with Lord Templeman pronouncing that society "is entitled and bound to protect itself against a cult of violence." Both dissenting law lords were younger and appointed more recently, ain't that a surprise. Seems all we have to do is wait another 30 years till a few more of the old gits croak and we might start hearing a little sense from the bench, but I wouldn't hold your breath.





# touch me not SPIRITUAL REPRESSION

Sarah Tumer

*Let thy fountain be blessed And rejoice in the wife of thy youth Let her breasts satisfy thee at all times: And he thou ravished with her love — An Old Testament endorsement of sexual pleasures (Proverbs)*

Well doesn't that sound just hunky-dory? A wife for life, and the innocent rejoicing in her body for all eternity. Sounds just great for the little wife with satisfying breasts too. Let's face it, good might be 'nice'; it might be comfortable, but *bad* is what's really sexy. Sunday morning is a time for sex, not for church. And one night stands certainly have the sexual (if not 'moral') edge over comfortable togetherness.

Brought up with good "Christian-based" values and dragging behind me the tons of guilt this entailed, somewhere along the way I thought, this ain't right. I was 'snogging' behind the youth club, reading mucky books, and waiting to get properly laid. Then I was going home pretending I'd been to a friend's house or the library. It should have been a dilemma but, in possibly my first conscious step towards adulthood, I realised that I could have some things both ways and nobody else need ever know. What a perfect compromise — sometimes one thing, sometimes another; the archetypal Madonna/Whore.

In times gone by though, such strategic play would scarcely have been possible — the good old tools of fear, ignorance and repression weaved their web-like influence over the lives of all impure thoughts in the minds of saints and celibates were explained away as 'visitations by the devil', and the ones in control went to some pretty scary lengths to convince the masses that sex was the worst thing ever. And, guess what? It's all a woman's fault!

After eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge (which Eve gave to Adam), the naked couple were aware of their sexuality for the first time, thus giving woman no less a role than corrupter of humanity for all eternity. In the Middle Ages womankind was the tool the devil used to get his (male) victims on the road to hell. Wet dreams were the fault of succubi (devils disguised as beautiful women) who were sent to tempt the poor men at their most vulnerable in sleep. Not only this, but the church propaganda saw to it that men considered ordinary human women to be sexually evil too: their lust was insatiable, they were less than human; they were "apes in bed." Popular opinion saw witchcraft, and female sexuality as one and the same thing: tools of hell. It was women-folk who, in one form or another enticed their men into sexual fantasy and ungodly sins.

The fear of sexual sin (and the eternal damnation that would necessarily follow) inspired some pretty incredible tales, which could cleverly direct the fear in ways useful to the church. The church had created a sin as bad in theory as it was in actuality — thinking about 'it' was as bad as doing 'it' itself — and so had the ultimate power: control of thought.

Just to whet the appetite, the tales went like this: Satan had an enormous penis, half iron and half flesh, with projecting steel barbs, and female demons were 'ice cold caverns'. Sex with them would produce instant paralysis. Any virgin forgetting to say her prayers or even sleeping with her legs apart would be laying herself open to painful, uninvited visits from Satan and could even become pregnant from his seed. Not only did fear of the above serve to control and purify the minds of the masses, but also eloquently explained away the frequent pregnant nun.



Although Satan "could not fuck a wench like a man could" (it's those steel barbs that do it!), according to the witch-hunters of the day, he was constantly called upon to provide painful and deathly sexual services. Those 'sinners' who succumbed to the myriad of sexual temptations available were offered a comforting seventeenth century view of the hell which was to await them: "Husbands shall see their wives, parents shall see their children, tormented before their eyes. The bodies of the damned shall be crammed together like grapes in a wine press, which press one another until they burst; so shall the bodies burst" (Jeremy Taylor). Or, more poetically, a century later: "Imagine yourself cast into a fiery oven, and imagine also that your body were to be there for a quarter of an hour.

Oh, then how would your heart sink if you knew that after millions of years your torment would be no nearer the end than ever it was!" (Jonathon Edwards).

And there's nothing more comforting for sinners than to be surrounded by other sinners, more depraved and perverse than they. Perhaps this explains just a little the human desire to see the chaste and the godly err. We're fascinated with the conquering of chastity by the victorious sex urge, and want to see just how far the mighty can fall. In cinema and literature the golden rule seems to be, make them *really* fall.

*The Monk* (orig: *Le Moine*) chronicles the moral and sexual descent of a formerly pious monk 'Father

Ambrosio'. And, guess what? His fall from grace is at the hands of a demon in female form who is further disguised as a novice called 'Brother John'. Ambrosio's newly awakened sexual urge leads him to attempted rape, murder, and the selling of his soul to the devil. Based on Gregory Matthew Lewis' novel of 1796, the film draws heavily on the hypocrisies so prevalent in the church of that time.

Dennis Diderot's novel *La Religieuse*, filmed by Jacques Rivette and much banned, tells of a woman forced into a miserable nunnery because her family is unable to marry her off. She is later transferred to a more "fun" nunnery where the lesbian Mother Superior falls in love with her. She escapes and can find work only in a brothel, but, unwilling to submit to the visitors' advances, she kills herself by jumping out of the window. The fact that her religious life was enforced and not the result of her own desire leads to her own corruption. Had she been able to follow her own desires at the outset, it is most unlikely she would have ended up a whore, and a suicide. Elliott Stein's comment on *La Religieuse* could equally well apply to *The Monk*: "When religious life is not the result of spontaneous engagement it can lead to depravity."

Not only that, but when people en masse, or on a personal level, are mobbed with religious teachings that they no longer feel able to follow, they're left with guilt and confusion, depravity and desperation. All feelings they likely would not have if left to their own devices from the outset. One can't help but speculate that (with the benefit of hindsight) only enforced purity leads to corruption.

We want to see the godly fall. If the godly indeed are incorruptibly celibate, it doesn't prevent us inventing our sexuality onto them. In essence, using them as sexual fantasies. Many a man and woman fantasises about the seduction of a man or woman of the cloth. And it's not that unlikely! You get it on soap operas on *Brookside* (!), Father Derek was led out of the priesthood by a persistent nanny; you get it in newspapers' scandals of vicars and choirboys being the favourites, and you get it most of all in our imagination. We want Jesus to have had a sex life. We want to see films of lesbian nuns because we can't believe that other people can possibly live without sex. Films and books abound where a vicar, priest or nun is either possessed or otherwise embroiled in sexual pursuits, at first against their will, then later willingly. *Sex Life in a Convent* [1971] titillates with the sexual exploits of convent school girls, detailing defecation by a lesbian teacher, love and lust for the convent priest; and to cap it all, a girl being removed from the convent to set her up in the family business prostitution. *Les Novices* [1970] tells of a runaway nun who tries prostitution without success, and gets a job driving an ambulance, only to turn it into a mobile brothel. *The Lustful Vicar* [1971] is a Swedish film about a cleric who arrives in his new parish, to find that it is full of young girls all on their own their menfolk are away at war. He has a permanent erection, apparently caused by a witches ancestor who still lives in the village,

and the way around it is to apply ointments and massage to the offending part. You can guess what happens next. Oliver Reed as Father Grandier, beds most of the pretty girls in Loudun, fathers a bastard child and is the object of Mother Superior, Sister Jeanne's sexual obsession.

Real life cases of religious 'deviates' are digested by the public mind even more readily. Gilbert Gauthé, a parish priest, raped and sodomized at least 37 children, thereby gaining a 20 year prison sentence, and causing many unhappy parents to begin lawsuits against their priests.

But the attempts made by the pious and holy to rid themselves of sexual thoughts were pretty extreme. St Jerome fled to the desert and was burnt black in his attempt. Pamphilius, who was obsessed with the image of a young girl with arms outstretched, plunged his hands into flames in an attempt to try and cleanse his thoughts. Simon Stylites stood on one foot for a whole year (God rewarding him by covering his body with ulcers), and the reformed prostitute Mary of Egypt wandered through the

Hell holds no surprises for them...

Warner Bros. presents

VANESSA REDGRAVE OLIVER REED

in KEN RUSSELL'S film of

**THE DEVILS** x

Robert H. Solo Ken Russell

Ken Russell

W.B.

desert stark naked and unwashed for 47 years. Redemption from sin does work the other way though, even for men of the cloth. A medieval Father Nouvelet, after discovering the girls in his care had fallen in love with him, decided to drive the devils out of their bodies by sleeping with them. Robert of Arbrissel (eleventh century), however was almost deliberately masochistic in his test of personal purity he forced himself to sleep with nuns. St Swithun and St Brendan both slept sexlessly with virgins in an attempt to prove their self control, the latter succeeding, but being unable to sleep all night.

The Christian church originally exalted celibacy not only over licentiousness, but also over marriage. Sex was Bad. At least St Paul thought so anyway. "Flee fornication," he said, "Every sin that a man doeth is without the body; but he that committeth fornication sinneth against his own body." Although it was still Bad when the Church of England abolished their obligation to celibacy in 1549, it was now *less* Bad. Possibly the high number of clerical suicides swayed the argument in sex's favour, or maybe it was the sheer inability of the priests to keep to their vows of chastity. Maybe it was even to keep up the high numbers of entrants into the calling. Such a drastic move only mildly increased the acceptability of sex on a spiritual level though. You did it if you were weak and easily tempted, but the truly religious still abstained.

The early Christian church did it's damndest to reduce copulation to procreation, and to an enormous extent was successful, but modern day Christianity hasn't lost all this anti-sex power by any means. The Catholic church, especially in Ireland, still exerts great power over sex and the related issues of abortion, contraception etc. Consider the recent case of the young rape victim and the controversy surrounding her wish for an abortion: the dismissal of the Irish High Court judge Mr Justice O'Hanlon for his refusal to support a referendum on the Maastricht treaty for fear it could lead to the legalisation of practices like abortion in Ireland, and the still potent shame of sexual *deviation* (married ex-priests, homosexuals, couples unable to divorce other partners). Controversy is still so rife that these 'sex offenders' are encouraged to change address when their deviance is discovered in order that their anonymity be protected. (The 'missionary position' (face to face) is still regarded by many in the church to be the only 'human' way of having sex any other variation would smack of deviance and bestialism). It isn't so much that people are still narrow minded or even openly Christian, but more that there appears to be a kind of Victorian contract of respectability to encourage the avoidance of scandal at all costs. If a nation *appears* to be without sin, then to all intents and purposes it *is* so.

And who would have believed that Harry Reems, star of countless porno flicks (and Linda Lovelace's co-star in *Deep Throat*) would have cured his alcoholism and love of sex, with God and the Methodist church? Or that Linda

herself who reputedly masturbated with a crucifix and irreverently considered becoming a nun ('Sister Throat') would have ended up the epitome of the God fearing suburban housewife. Harry Reems now considers pornography as evil and sees it as a mark of God's benevolence that he is free of AIDS. Linda wouldn't do a film again even if she were offered millions. Does that religious repression of sexuality get to us all in the end?

It is certainly difficult to escape from, no matter how little you may feel your life is influenced by Christian morality — it isn't just our *personal* sexuality the church feels it has a right to control. The established religions of this country have provided the framework for legal decisions on a more public scale too. Taking his inspiration (?) from Christian principles, Lord Rees Mogg, the Chairman of the Broadcasting Standards Council initiated legal steps to 'protect' women from violent male fantasies which he believes have been *forced* into our living rooms. Sex, he believes, should remain private in order to provide a safeguard curtain against abuse. And former Chief Constable James Anderton's anti-porn, anti-gay, anti-everything drives were also derived from the scriptures. Lack of sexual knowledge and freedom, in other words the *enforced* privacy of sex leads to problems though. Stephen King's teenager, *Carrie*, was ostracised by classmates, was ignorant, friendless and miserable, and all because of her mother's religious fanaticism, and hatred of sex. A tale of fiction yes, but no less disturbing because of that. Many psychological studies have shown that children born to obsessively religious, moral or clueless parents (all of whom may discourage or prevent the acquisition of sexual knowledge), are less likely to have bonding friendships with persons of the same sex. They are also less likely to explore and experiment with their bodies at an early age, leading to delayed adolescence, sexual gratification only through fantasy, and obsessive masturbatory behaviour in later life.

Not all clerics and religious practitioners have been wary of sexual sin, but the ones who've tried to do things their way have come in for a fair amount of criticism, particularly those who've tried to do their work amongst prostitutes — 'girls at moral risk'. About sixty years ago a clergyman, "The Prostitute's Padre" of Suffolk was ceremonially defrocked. Every Monday he left his little Norfolk village and his wife to spend the week 'preaching' in Soho. It soon came to light (and to court) that this disciple of God, apart from having a strange predilection for the Lyons cafe waitress uniforms (!) was also 'sexually indiscreet'. A seventeen year old whore was asked to give herself to him "body and soul" to ensure salvation. The same scenario allegedly occurred with other girls. He was found guilty of immorality in 1932 but protested his innocence for the rest of his life, living in a barrel as a sideshow freak on Blackpool's Golden Mile, and finally meeting his end via death in the lion's den. Despite the

loyalty of some of his villagers and the increased tourist trade in Suffolk, his sexual misdemeanours were seen by most to have met their rightful punishment. His purgatory life in the barrel and savage death only served to prove the church's condemnation of sexual sin. In *Naked England* [1969], a pseudo-documentary attempting to dispel the myth of British prudishness, a vicar carouses strip joints and ensures the inhabitants that their profession doesn't mean they can't be good Christians.

In a parish in the neighbourhood of Bourges, the cure laid claim to the first fruits of every bride, this privilege only being relinquished if the husband was able to pay for it himself. A potentially insidious way of checking on the virginity of the young woman — and imagine the bribery and corruption, not to mention the potential extra sexual pleasures for the cure if the woman was found to be impure and blackmailable. In Scotland too these practices also existed — every first child was officially fathered by the clergy

Sex, religion and atonement are still very clearly linked, especially in the more primitive twentieth century societies. It is well known that Peruvian peasants have used human sacrifice as a means of sin atonement; slashing vaginas and cutting off breasts in the attempt to rid the womenfolk of their sexual power. Amongst these Peruvian peasants, sexual sin is the prime suspect when crops fail or when weather is bad. So much so that at such times "all the single women in the village are lined up naked and a village elder comes and feels their breasts to see if they have any milk in them. If milk comes out, he knows there has been sin and that's the reason the weather is bad. So they kill that girl right away."

All is not lost to chastity and religion though. Most of us manage to break through and go about our everyday lives, despite the strength of our childhood influences. These have little power over logic and self-determination. In *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, even a Jesuit upbringing with its view of hell and atonement is not adequate to keep the spirit down. James

Joyce's character Stephen realises that although the church tried to capture him, his life was too short to spend worrying about what *might* be (hell) when only what *was* (real life) could ever be *actually* known. And what about the Irish former Bishop of Galway, Dr Casey, who had not only a long term affair with Annie Murphy but also fathered her son. It seems that, despite his position, the public were more willing to forgive his sexual indiscretions than they were to overlook his unseemly financial arrangements.

However, not all church teaching is critical of human sexuality. Incarnational theology paved the way for a more liberal attitude towards sex. This theology holds that Christ is both God and Man without either being impaired. The Son of God had human flesh therefore physical existence cannot be dispensed. The human body was good enough for Jesus so why should we assume that any aspect of living in it is 'sinful'. Provided the sexual power is used in a non-destructive way it is a positive power in itself and may be undertaken gratuitously. (However, non-destructive sex can still only exist in the presence of love — Love and sex must go hand in hand so that there is a full use of God's gifts). And procreational sex is, of course, necessary to fill up heaven!

And even our perception of sexual sin, is not as simplistic as the old-fashioned Christians would like to see. In "Apostle to the Apostles" in *The Times* a while back Ann Lloyd asks us to consider whether Mary Magdalene (the 'prostitute' that Jesus is said to have 'reformed'), really was such a paradigm example of a sinner. She claims that nowhere in the New Testament is there concrete proof that Mary was *ever* a prostitute. Rather, the church has concocted and misinterpreted the biblical text for their own ends. It is more than likely that Mary was simply a woman who didn't want to tie herself to just one man. This independence simply would not do, so she was re-cast in the role of demonic temptress (the word 'demon' in a biblical sense relates to the unbridled sexuality and power of a woman who is free and



Classic projection of sexuality onto a 'non-sexual' image. *Cherry Poptart*  
© 1985 Larry Welz.

uncontrolled by a man).

In April 1992, the Bishop of Liverpool David Sheppard caused unrest within the church hierarchy for defending the right of the Mothers Union (!) to debate the legalisation of prostitution. He claimed that legal brothels would be a humanitarian service akin to the providing of free needles to junkies, and a measure to prevent even greater sin. Prostitution would still be considered a sin by the church, but at least it would not also be a crime. Incidentally, around the same time Lindi St Clair (she of the "Corrective Party") commissioned a MORI poll from which it was discovered that 55% of the population approved of the legalisation of brothels provided they were clean, small and discreet. So it seems that acceptance of sex is gradually becoming part of Christianity and Christian influenced societies, but apparently only in an attempt to gain devotees.

But, an attempt to bring Christianity into the twentieth-century and encourage more sympathetic attitudes towards sexuality within the church, has been actively discouraged by its hierarchy. The so-called Gay Prayer Book angered the Archbishop of Canterbury for it contained 'pagan' love-burying rituals and the 'blasphemous' acceptance of homosexuality. He prevented the oldest Christian publisher in the country from producing it by threatening to resign. You can understand why he would be worried by it if it lives up to its media hype: to take power from white, middle class men by means of promoting identification for the gay person and other sub-groups. But, in theory, it should be to the church's advantage to accept the book; at least should it come into usage, they'll have power over the *souls* of homosexuals, if not their allegedly sinful *bodies*.

Of course it isn't only Christianity which has sought to control the power of sex. In all times and ages this power has been used as a religious and social control. The idea of the great Greek "Mother Goddess" dates from a period when marriage was either unknown or seen as an infringement of communal sexual rights. Reflecting and directing this behaviour the "Mother Goddess" was unmarried and unchaste. She was a heavenly symbol of things worldly. The God and religion was twisted to suit the preferences of the society. It is inevitable that not all women of this time would follow the "Mother Goddess" and become sexually active — many did practice their religion without sacrificing their 'virtue', but many more were traditional girls, becoming temple prostitutes who dedicated their bodies to the service of religion.

And sexual worship of the devil in the Black Mass (actually a parody of the Roman Catholic mass) was a way of freeing oneself from the joyless restraints of the devout and hell-fearing. The devil was a positive figure to many, a rebel, and much was done to honour him by other rebels. Churchgoers were seen as devout but sexually ignorant, the devil had knowledge and did not condemn freedom. In

*Justine* the Marquis de Sade describes a Black Mass celebrated between the buttocks of a young girl; this and other examples proved to the devout church-goer that devil worship was merely a cover for sexual over-indulgence, not a valid use of sex in a human sense, which was moderate and procreational.

This conflict (sex versus abstinence) centres around the importance (or not) of the physical body. Old style Christians merely see the body as the lifetime's home for the soul and sex as a consequence of the first fall of man — the original sin of Adam and Eve. Sexual power should be trampled down and fought and sexual guilt is to be encouraged. This is particularly attractive to the extremists. James Barr in his book on religious fundamentalism (1977), says "a consciousness socially conditioned, plays a significant part in the sense of guilt and the fundamental preaching of human sinfulness appeals to this sense of guilt." Interested in religion or not, it *does* profoundly affect everyone's life — through censorship, through education, through social conventions, and through potential projected guilt. Whether you like it or not.

*Spiritual Repression* is the second part of Sarah Turner's look at repressed sexuality. *Positive Pornography* was featured last issue.

The third and final part will appear in *Headpress* 8.

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# REVERB STORM

savoy, soul  
and suicide

Paul Temple

Savoy are a controversial publishing/recording empire. In *Headpress 5*, we noted the tragic death of Martin Fliccroft, Publicity Director for Savoy, who was a member of a small posse of hardcore Northern Soul people who described themselves as 'The Wagnerian Soul Fraternity'. Their extremist manifesto dictates that, in all things, they must go one step beyond peak experience.

Before I discovered the ether I was stuck. I was mortgaged up to my long-lashes in Brixton, my callowness had me bunked-up, shackled up and head-fucked with Karen, one of those 'idiotically correct' girlfriends that there seemed to be a preponderance of in the mid-eighties. She was a shop-steward for Lambeth Council and because of it, life was bleak and Poland-like. It was in that peculiar season of high Thatcherism when the Left had just backed its kicked-sore arse onto the rusty rhetorical spike of the radical chicanery of sado-masochistic lesbians, suicidal poofs, racist blacks, real ale drinking public schoolboys with ersatz cockney accents, and bearded-ladies - all in all a poison-laden, bone-grinding hierarchy of fear, fuckery and loathing that dared not speak its own name. Lord knows how many bitches were crushed in the race to screw a miner when the coal strike was on (or even better a provo) but the brownie points were good. Anyway, Karen was so heavily full of all of this that I could scarcely exercise my lower jaw without being identified as 'sexist', or whatever. The consensus was down. I was considerably ired at this, so much so, that I think for about a year the only syllables to pass my lips were, "Oh shuddup" I was wicked and had

no peace.

One day I painted the living room clit-pink, covered one entire wall with porno collages and in the same rabid breath of frenzy, duly fucked Karen's juicy best girlfriend Helen (a lily-skinned young beauty of Irish extraction with rather big tits and a very hairy fanny). Naturally, that all went bad and Karen threw me out, so I put a brick through the living room window. After the fall-out, the return. Things seemed to settle, but I was forced to recompense. Disliking work, the only activities I enjoyed were snorting sulphate, indulging in sexual intercourse, and staying at home listening to wild records at extremely high volume, but because of my indiscretion Karen was able to cajole me into taking a job writing for the *Melody Maker*. That's how I met those devils at Savoy.

This phase held a false promise. For me the music industry was an unprofitable, unwild, unmusical world. Charisma was a five leaf clover I was spoilt rotten though, and I used to get laid a lot cos I was 'in the music business' and was thus in possession of an enormous penile extension with a girth comparable to that of a footballer's upper-leg. I hacked it for a couple of years.

I had to give up drugs, as amphetamine abuse had afforded me a two year headache, but a chiropractor had me right as dodgers in a few sessions and I was ready to Enjoy again. I started careering wildly up girl-alley, I'd review some leather-jacketed Jim-Jim's in one of London's

## Train suicide of man with a star future..

By CHRIS STYLES

A RISING star in the publishing world killed himself by stepping in front of a train, a Bolton inquest heard.

Martin Fliccroft, aged 28, of Wellington Road, Turton, was seen to step from behind bushes and stand with his back to the Blackburn-Manchester Victoria train as it was travelling towards Broomley Cross Station.

Colleagues at Manchester-based Savoy Records and Books, where Mr Fliccroft was publicity director, described him as "a man with a glittering future ahead of him" at the time of his death.

Train driver David Kelly told the inquest that he had slowed down from 45mph after seeing children on the line, but then, 30 yards further on he saw a man step from behind bushes and stand between the tracks.

He said that he applied the emergency brakes and sounded the horn, but the man made no effort to get out of the way and there was no way he could stop the train in time.

Bolton courier David Blackey also heard how a 15-year-old Broomley Cross youth, who was playing with friends in woods alongside the railway line, saw Mr Fliccroft walk along the line and then crouch down at the side of it near some bushes.

Matthew Wright, of Lord Sillies Lane, said that Mr Fliccroft then saw the train coming and walked into the middle of the line. He added that he heard the screech of brakes from the train and then saw it hit Mr Fliccroft.

### Problem

Pathologist Dr David Butterworth said that the cause of death was multiple injuries.

The inquest heard that Mr Fliccroft had taken an overdose of tablets when he was 16, and had visited his doctor three days before his death with a medical problem.

A jury returned a verdict of suicide.

Bolton Evening News, Friday December 4th '92.

Rock joints, see two minutes of the group, pick a girl, screw the pants off her all night and go home to girlfriend. This happened about three nights a week. For a while I was also shuffling a red-headed art student named Suzy, who lived down the road. I used to tell Karen I was going to the shop on the Hill for a packet of sugar, I'd call round to the student's house, fuck her really quickly and come home in good time with the sugar and without a hair out of place. When Karen learned of an affair with a nymphomaniac Jewish journalist who wrote for *Hello*, *Bella*, and *Chat* magazines, she mapped and chartered my fall. Subsequently I came home one day to find her screwing another man in my bed, which goes to show that those who live by the sword will die by the clam and be forced to eat dick.

I moved out. After discovering The Ether in some obscure Eastern transcripts I'd gotten hold of, I decided to give up writing. I really resented the way that print made everybody jump, the way that print excludes everything that's really real and includes everything that's phoney, whilst rendering outsiders of this merry charade as 'members of the public'. I gave up dreaming of a career in journalism, I wanted an un-mediated real-life, so I hooked up with a trio of fellow amphetamine heads. There was Aubrey, a car mechanic by trade, who was a reconstructed Throbbing Gristle fan from Bury that had got into Northern in the quest for something violent and tinny. I'd been to a party with him once where he took a switchblade-blade to a Vivienne Westwood clad gay-boy and damn near cut his ear off. He was a likable soul. Then there was Martin, who at that time was a rather cheesy lank figure with a lot of unhealthy obsessions. He used to dress like a schoolboy, grey bri-nylon shirt, grey V-neck jumper, charcoal grey trousers and sensible shoes, he had a vicious appetite for sulphate and wine. Not to forget Little Michael, a pixie-ish little amphetamine head who filled his Hulme flat with toilets. A glass collector at the Hacienda who was sacked for dealing speed, he was later committed to a mental hospital in Didsbury by his rabid Catholic parents. A committee of modern demonologists from the local mental hospital had him diagnosed as schizophrenic. Poor Little Michael, he went in a twiglet, came out a blob, jumped under a train and died. We all took this very badly, Martin and Aubrey nearly gave up drugs because of it.

Mentally, M and A were already very badly parked before I met them. One day Aubrey decided to give up drugs for Lent, Martin decided to follow suit and give up drink. During this abstinence period they felt they needed to take something up as well, so, a la William Burroughs, they mounted a terrorist offensive on the Manchester branch of the Scientologists on Deansgate. They went for dianetics tests every day and gave completely fucked up answers to all the questions. They used to phone up the centre, record the receptionist's voice and then play it back down the phone, over and over again. They'd send them shit through the post, and harass them with all sorts of weird crap, all day, every day. Aubrey still keeps a file on this, in which there is a great photo of

Martin, flashing his willy at one of L. Ron's faithful. The Scientologists kept calling the police, but to no avail. It just went on and on and on 'til M and A eventually succumbed to the drink and the drugs again.

Seemingly in pursuit of some kind of theory of negative feedback, they didn't know anything about Savoy at the time. But the whole thing was fairly synchronic with the anti-media offensive that Savoy were undertaking not only with the press, but with The Greater Manchester Police. We were called fascists. Savoy were called fascists. And, for no apparent reason, so were Network 21, a free-booting Euro-pirate TV station based in Brixton that I got involved with for a while. It was a very bad time for the conservative anarchist but nevertheless, Martin, Aubrey and I (and a few occasional 'also rans') formed into a gang of nocturnal amphetamine road-beasts. As the WSF (Wagnerian Soul Fraternity), we spent months and months travelling to northern niter in a beat-up car, with Bruckers IVth, or the Solti version of *Die Walkure* blasting out of the windows. Faster faster, louder louder. With the north winds blowing through our scurf at 120mph, reeking of chemicals and Juicy Fruit, hitting Neters and living furiously. We developed our own language, and we all spoke in this thick Edinburgh-ese (five years on and I still can't shake it off).

For two years I never read a paper or saw a television. We became aesthetes and energy obsessives, but would pursue any old head-fuck for a laugh. Our heroes were Wilhelm Reich, Franz Antoine Mesmer, G.I. Gurdjieff (who, legend has it, could suck enough energy out of a room to kill a yak at a hundred paces. Though I didn't know it at the time, Martin's brother was part of a Gurdjieff group in California). The fetish for mass-free primordial energy was also reflected in our taste in music: total amphetamine Northern, Mighty Phil Spector and 19th Century classical God-head bangers. We hated House-music and referred to ravers as acid-cripples.

The niter scene was for toxic avengers only. The newies scene was past its prime due to the ritual slaying of its chief exponent DJ Keb Darge, but it was still very vicious and intense. An outsider could be kicked in the face if he danced like an on-location rare groover. Or he could be spat at, or worse, laughed off the floor. Quite right too. We could be in some God-forsaken place like Chesterfield Conservative Club, or a barn somewhere in Scotland, and the atmosphere would be formidable. Nothing short of Total Commitment was the thing. Total Commitment and Total Human Electricity. A normal person didn't stand a chance, it was too intimidating. The dance floor was more like a damn bull-ring than anything. You'd see the most beautifully elegant dancer, and he's be a steel-worker or something. With a complete empathy for the music. I remember watching this stocky brick shithouse going through his paces to *Ends of Earth* by Tony Middleton. When the record was just about to reach its peak, he mimed a noose going round his neck. When the almighty climax was delivered, he gave the invisible rope



a sharp yank and hung himself.

The WSF invariably turned up like a trio of quarter-tipped tornadoes. We were the absolute best dancers. Martin used to do this slow drag number across the floor, like a rabbit with mixamatoxis. Approaching the middle-eight, he'd generally lean back on his worn heels, go quick as a whip into a 360 degree spin then WAP! He'd clap so hard his hands would bleed.

Aubrey was the very model of a human jackhammer, his bug-eyes trembling with the paranoia of future busts, but deep down not caring too much. His stomp-favour generally leaned toward an *On Broadway* chord sequence which would ejaculate over orange-men and hysterical *Psycho* soundtrack strings.

Myself, I favoured a shifty, shifty side thing, one hand on hip, followed by a hi-kick on a peak, a jenny-like spin on a drum-roll, a side WAP on a beat-drop, plenty of *flambé* hand-gestures and orange squash between very violent numbers like *With These Eyes* by The Fabulous Peps on Wee Records, *Take It Baby* by The Showmen on Swan, *If You Ask Me*, Jerry Williams on Calla, and *Where Can She Run To* by the Jammers on Loma. The unrestrained the music, the wilder the life.

After months of motorway mayhem, I fell into an extreme state of love with a girl called Dorothy. I just gushed for months. I was fascinated with the gush more than I was with her and used every opportunity to whack up the intensity of it. It reached such a peak that it nearly trashed my mental faculties. I was so in love with her, I nearly died of grief when we parted. Then I moved in with a female pornographer in Mayfair, who doubled as a witch. There was a lot of opulence and a lot of ether. I had a doorman, plenty of money and a very strange double life. I used to screw posh chicks, spend Friday evening dining at Langans, then whizz off to Dagenham Football Club or wherever for a Northern (guaranteed to be packed out

with tattooed skinheads), sometimes stopping in at the Wigmore Hall to take in a Bach piano trio or two. I carried on like this for about six months. But living with a witch was too fucking heavy and my whole life had become completely twisted because of it, so I moved to a really sleazy bedsit instead. I was completely shattered and had nothing except for this enormous amount of posh ether that I'd stolen. Martin came down in the car to my rescue and arranged the deal with Savoy that we'd make a record. I stayed in Manchester with the producer Tony. He was a drug dealer, the correct occupation for a lonely boy. His doorbell rang every thirty seconds, and his house was a hyper-populous with pot-smoking pond-life. Every day, the gangsters to whom he owed money used to come around with a baseball bat, threaten to break his legs and confiscate his recording equipment. The house was a squat and was constantly being circled by slow, whistling police cars. Everybody there was extremely paranoid. I would have been happier sleeping in a tree. Martin began to worship him just short of the point of screaming homosexuality, he thought Tony was "hard," he liked a tryer did Martin.

I got more and more into this class headfuck experiment. I'd wander 'round Manchester in riding boots and britches talking through my nose, every now and then popping into the barbers in Didsbury for an Edith Sitwell. One day, whilst taking the air in my finery, two black guys tried to mug me, but I aimed a whammy at them and they ended up giving me money. Enough was enough though, so I just decided to sleep on the sofa at the Savoy office. Peace, perfect peace.

Martin was made press officer at Savoy. The implications of which, for both of them, made me shudder. I tried to pay no attention as we were due to go into the studio to record *Reverbstorm*, a song about erotic class-warfare. I also wanted to experiment with what happened and what



Panels from Savoy's latest *Meng & Ecker*, #6. Issue #1 was found obscene in July 1992.

kind of imprint you got if you WACKED lots of ether into a recording studio. The song came to me quite quickly, I stole the first line from a hunk of gravestone on Aubrey's mantelpiece, the rest followed. The effect we were chasing was the sound of Elvis, in his quest for the holy grail, pelvis firmly thrust between Brunnhilde's loins, ripping down the temple pillars with his bare hands, rebuilding the world in six days and on the seventh creating Spectorial Revisionism. Fusing the atoms of the white hot matter of Meta-Northern to that swampy Bayreuth cello gut-rumble and subjugating the powerhouse military rhythm to an enormous wall of ever-escalating orchestral white noise, thus objectively illustrating Gurdjieff's universal law of octaves. After that we pushed the intensity level up to about Mach 10, because that is exactly how we felt. Despite inevitable heaps of fucking around, we went into the studio and just about got the thing down. We put a curse on it for good measure.

After *Reverbstorm*, Martin went completely mental. The next day, he and I visited a brasserie where he shrieked at the waiter and demanded that his lager be brought to him in a wine glass. On another occasion while we were conversing about music in a pub, I said something that he agreed with and he screamed "YES!!! YES!!! YES!!!" and rammed the pint glass down on the table so hard that it shattered and showered all over the pub. I really wished at the time that I hadn't taught him the secret WSF ether trick, as doing it when you're a dangerous drug-addict can produce undesirable results.

As for *Reverbstorm*, we knew we'd done it, but we didn't get it onto two-inch and we couldn't repeat it. We'd used the ether up.

Savoy had become deeply embroiled in their Svastika madness while I had become more and more entrenched in my St. George complex. I seem to recall that before *Reverbstorm*, my definition of evil was someone who didn't like *Keep Luv'n' Me Like You Do* by Silky Hargreaves on Dearborn Records. Everything had got a little too black and weird for me. I went home to London to fortify. Aubrey had pretty much retired, I think he'd had enough headfuck for three lifetimes. He used to jack up vast amounts of speed, or dirt as we called it, and spend the whole day in bed with Radio 4 on.

Martin got worse. He came to stay with me a month or so later. He'd grown a Cap'n Haddock beard, wore a suit with clearly visible piss stains around the crotch. One night he was so drunk, he was making cycling motions in his sleep and babbling things like "batwing brain fly, herringbone." His head and arms were always caked in psoriasis. You couldn't have a reasonable conversation with him, he sweated, seethed and hissed constantly and Scottishly. He'd become a monster of his own making. Once I had to save him with an etheric Whammy when stopped by coppers on Westminster Bridge. He was driving, completely fucked off his face on

speed and two bottles of Bulgarian Cabernet Sauvignon. He was spitting at this copper who was just about to breathalyse him. Thankfully, I managed to zap the coppers, they turned around, got in their car and drove away.

He was totally beyond the pale, and when he was whipping the Lord Horror scam together with Savoy they all ended up piling such an enormous mountain of shit, ruin and negativity up, that you knew someone, if not everyone, was going to cop it. And that was what happened. Savoy were busted, (Michael) Butterworth went on the run, (David) Britton faced prison, I nearly went mad and died, Martin went mad and was sacked.

I busied myself with trying to start a southern chapter of the WSF and put on a Wagnerian Northern night at The Brain in Wardour street. We had Northern upstairs, and Bruckner, Mahler and Wagner downstairs in the bar through enormous speakers, a sign on the door that read 'ravers not welcome', day-glo union jacks and huge Napoleonic banners. I wore a kilt. A hippy raver got in, protested at the WSF manifesto on the wall and we had a big punch-up. It was really storming upstairs. There was a near riot and Sean McLusky's girlfriend was hit over the head by a bottle and sent to hospital where she received several stitches.

I got fed up. My St. George complex was still intact and I was sick of attracting all this evil shit all the time. All my ideas were about the brave, the mighty and the good, and all I saw around me were vileness, drugs, near homosexuality, violence and death obsession. I officially disbanded the WSF in May 1990 and made a valiant and reasonably successful effort to gain some kind of normality in my life.

Aubrey is well, but sadly, Martin Flitcroft committed suicide in May 1992. I'd seen him three weeks earlier. We went to see Michael Nyman and Ute Lemper at the Festival Hall. He seemed to have mellowed out. He had a slight air of melancholy, but nothing noticeably extreme. I talked to him on the phone a few days before, then with no warning, he jumped under a train. The coroner's report suggest a distinct lack of evil substances in his body at the time of death. With all that intensity and wild black lodge energy spewing all over the place, I don't think any of us anticipated long years and a peaceful passage to the afterlife. I certainly didn't and though now in comparative comfort, I'm still incredibly 'safety-conscious'. There seemed nothing unusual about the way Martin died, given the fact that he refused to leave 'intense-world' whilst having absolutely no energy left. Under a collective banner we all lived our own individual experiments. The rest of us had left the lab a long time ago. Martin was unable to get past the past and to be driven by the past is a wearisome business. *Reverbstorm* was played at his funeral.

**NOTE:** David Britton, author of the novel, *Lord Horror*, was jailed under the Obscene Publications Act, Friday 2nd April, 1993, for four months. The conviction arises from the sale of non-Savoy material seized from

# FORTRESS EUROPE



Martin Filcroft, Savoy stand, UKCAC, 1991

*Savoy outlets in August of 1991. On the same combined raid, police seized over 4,000 Lord Horror comics co-created by Britton and Savoy. The raid was conducted three days after the initial ruling by a magistrate that the novel was obscene. Search warrants used were signed by the same magistrate - a bizarrely common to all the cases brought against Savoy and Britton.*

*The comics, currently held by the police, are being dealt with under Section Three of the Obscene Publications Act. If past experience is repeated, this means that they will go before the magistrate who will uphold the charge of obscenity. Savoy are seeking to have the charges changed and brought under Section Two of the Act, so that the case may be heard before a jury.*

*The destruction order on the Lord Horror novel was overturned by the courts, in July of 1992.*

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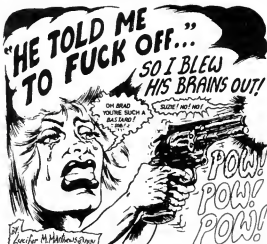
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# Mike Matthews an obituary

If there's a place where underground cartoonists go when they die, then there's a new guy in town. Right now he's probably disembowelling Rick Griffin, Vaughn Bode or some other lightweight. As one of his favourite enemies, the Comix Code decrees that I pass some comment.

I first met Mike through the need to bring a little more grit into the dialogue of a graphic project a friend and I were working on, sometime around '87-88. Though his track record featured collaborations with the likes of Alan Moore, Bryan Talbot, Lydia Lunch and Lord Horror, Mike found the time to help me, and I soon came to look forward to the few hours a week spent in his storage room/studio. There was always talk, the usual bitterness, bile and frenzy of two comic book hacks getting together. After the work sessions, I'd persuade Mike to haul out the *real* stuff - the strips too extreme for his regular publisher, Knockabout ('underground' publishers, hardee-har-har). It was like someone had taken AZ-size art board, cut up a rottweiler on it, spewed all over it, left it a few months (till



If all began when my fiancée BRAD was turning me like a marionette in his plush downtown apartment.

AFTERWARDS we cooled off in the warm aftermath of orgasm.



The Curse of Monson's Chocolate Mine!

it really started to crawl) and then somehow transmogrified the results into letatrone: a morass of gore from which the panels would only begin to appear through the conscious effort of the reader.

Like his predecessors at Last Gasp and E.C., Mike was at his best with the short sharp shock story. Parents would sell their children, whole families would turn to cannibalism, sex-crazed aliens would abduct large-breasted women and abuse them in graphic detail. The man had an innate gift for portraying seediness, squalor and human decrepitude.

Mike exchanged elaborate correspondences with S. Clay Wilson, bizarre cut-up and collaged epics bearing the legend, 'CAUTION: Religious Documents'. He loved Lydia Lunch, Mars bars, defacing romantic paperback, army surplus clothing and The Birthday Party. He was a quiet guy with a slow, shy smile, a gaunt pale-skinned guru of geeks and gonzooids. His work, like our friendship, came to an abrupt end about four years ago when a case of the old white line fever sent Mike on a conspiracy trip. I was apparently one of the principle spies. Too bad, I missed the feedback. Now it's too late for reconciliation. Goodbye, Mike; if you're waiting for me somewhere, please put the knife down.

Bob Walker, Sedgley Park, 25 Feb. 1993

Panels taken from *Horrific Romance* #1, 1984, complete contents copyright Mike Matthews. "First edition of 971 copies. So I'll lose money on it! So what! Each bleeding copy of this thing was hand-cut, stapled & trimmed solely by me. So appreciate it!!!!"





## Douglas D. Clark

Satan, for all the fiction surrounding the vague entity, has been getting a lot of credence in the USA this past few decades. It seems not a week passes without some coward trying to avoid facing his own sick evil, by espousing or blaming Satan for his or her failings.

Pornography, the "devil's art form," is already accepted as such, what with the downfall of slime like Jimmy Swaggart, preacher and fucker of whores, if he can buy them between TV sermons (more like shill shows, prancing and prattling for the few coins pensioners' can be duped out of).

Ted Bundy slaughtered scores of girls, and began to blame PORNO (well, facts proved he was more prone to collect and enjoy masturbating with *True Crime* magazines, filled with lurid re-enactments of sex crimes, posing girls in hose and heels and duct tape, eyes wide in mock horror). He was quick to realize a frothing lunatic preacher was eager to get taped accusations against 'hard core' porno, so Ted began to belatedly pretend to have been addicted to the vile 'devil's porno'. Yup. It did not work, any better than the silly ranting of Dr. Dorothy Lewis pretending to have *discovered* Teddy-boy was sexually molested as a child. (He wasn't. She was the doctor identified in, of all places, *Playboy*, as a totally unqualified hack who is trying to carve herself a lucrative career by interviewing death row inmates, and *discovering* repressed recall of childhood abuse in *each*. She is noted for being exposed as a fraud in a serial murder case in New York, where a guy named Shawcross was allegedly hypnotized by the good and all too gullible doctor, and then he uncovered childhood abuses.)

The devil's getting a lot of credit for a clown that never existed any more than any of his other sibling angels. He is indirectly credited with dragging whores and druggies into sin, when they 'repent' and are born again into God. He is now allegedly a high official in the Clinton administration, according to the biggest TV preacher in the nation, Pat Robertson, who scams *millions every year* from

suckers who are eager to fund his bigotry. They cannot personally get away with racism and homo-bashing, so they fund his hate campaigns, and it vicariously lets these sickos live out their (sexual) fantasies.

Satanism. Yup. Homosexuals are God's chosen, to be stoned and hated and preached against (for the bucks, the almighty God of TV preaching). Now, this is *right off the Tube*, the son of the Almighty Buck, so it must be true, since Pat Robertson — a man who heard God tell him to run for president — said so. The democrats in the US are using Clinton to expose *homosexuality* as the *norm*, so the world will turn homosexual, and then, not have children (he has not gotten the word about insemination it seems) and all these lesbians and gays will then end the world by simply not repopulating it. It seems odd PR does not realize the main problem in the world today is *over*, not *under* population. He rants about abortion (but rants to cut aid to the kids once they are born) and he rants against education and condoms for teenagers, so they *get* pregnant so they *want* abortions. It is PR's theory that the Clinton people want to turn everyone gay — for Satan.

With guys like this speaking *for* God, is it a wonder anyone is stupid enough to buy the silly myths, so they then can turn *against* the God in these fables, and worship the Anti-Christ.

Satan and God seem to both have a fixation with addictive and impulsive persons. In Waco, Texas, we just watched live Tube show us the incineration of Satanistic of Holy men, women and kids (depends on which spin-doctor you hear tell it. PR sez they were following a *Satan dupe*. I guess any lunatic preacher who is not named Pat Robertson is, in his eyes, a dupe of Satan). I once heard that guy rant that LIVE spelled backwards is EVIL. Then I realized if you turn the TV upside down, and watch him, he is *perpetually frowning*, instead of that phoney, ingratiating *grin* he always has. I wondered if Ex Lax could help him but then I realised that is the face he uses when he is

pretending to pray realllly hard. I then wondered if he does not bring more people to Satan than he does to Gawd. I mean, his shows are so heavily into the sins and lusts and perversities Satan offers, and then contrasts those to the bland, brain-damaged, incest-inbred morons in his flock!

It is my not-worth-noting comment that people's fear of the unknown is less than their fear of *not knowing*. Ignorance scares them shitless. In India, I noticed how people in remote villages still tended to stick to the old gods, long after the citified peoples dropped them. In effect, there were gods for every unknown aspect to the world and life & death. As science cured the ignorance, the gods faded, leaving only those as yet unexplained phenomena to be godded.

This is no different than the godliness that rips Ireland, Bosnia, Iran, Algeria, Egypt, the USA, and the rest of the diseased planet. Fear of not knowing creates the gods, and stripes of gods, and my god versus your god, and our gods are better 'n your deities. *We* all go to heaven in our plan, and you fellas are fucked.

Well, I am here to tell you you are twice as stupid if you believe in a deity of evil based on the flipside of a good god. That is *compounded* stupidity, or *stupidity squared*.

Evil, defined by anyone you respect enough to accept their condemnation, is often titillating simply because it is naughty. God gives utterly evil people an *excuse*. They need not face their own raw inhumanity, simply because they have the dual game in play: they are led into evil by the counter-countenance, so they are not responsible here and now — they are gonna catch hell when they go home to gawd, so they will be punished, therefore they are not really getting away with it. This "I will be punished, I face that squarely and accept my due" theme is common here in the USA where a state with the death penalty often is the scene for atrocious murders by tourists from *non-death penalty states*. People feel better if the sin is labelled and atoned, even if by a fictional god and devil.

If goodness and evil were their own worldly ends, with the natural high one gets from some 'sins' and the warmth of love and giving for good deeds, we would not hear so much whining and preaching, from death row, where I live, to the Tube, where Pat Robertson pretends to live.

But I have a hunch the fictional devil is just a bit disappointed in his opponent's lack of intellect. After all, when a ranting lunatic like Jesse Helms has to be pulled aside in this nation's highest assembly, to be informed that, yes, heterosexuals do indeed enjoy committing oral and anal sex (and that is a major crime in the good senile senator's home state, even if the acts are in the marriage bed between man and woman) the devil has to be more disgusted than bemused. Maybe if these bible-spewing morons would read their own ban on incest, they would not create so many damaged beings. At least in the days of

Calvin and Martin Luther, fire and brimstone preaching was enough to convince the masses they truly should believe in Satan. Nowadays, it is infrequent any sincere believer can test higher than luke warm on any intelligence test. (Now we know why the right-wing 'christianatic' want the schools to teach the bible and not science and fact — stupid sheep make better lamb chops.)

The devil could not exist, and won't, until someone comes up with a pack of religious lies a hell-ovalot better than the pap being slung from the greed-pulpits today. Users of the social-sociopathic excuse of Satan surely are too weak to embrace evil face-on. Maybe that is good, but maybe not. God-fearing bigotry and slaughter has killed a thousand-fold those killed by simply evil people. 666... given to us by the good book, is an inside joke by a pack of con-men who, if there really were a heaven and hell, would not be laughing about their prank some 2000 years back, because they would be roasting where they pretend we all must fear.




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**"AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD READ"**  
Allan Bryce (DARKSIDE Magazine)

# Vomititus Maximus

R.S. Connett's  
CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Anthony Petkovich

Meet R.S. Connett's family

Like sides of beef, they hang from hooks on the wall. Their skins dried and stretched. Their remains suitably framed and sheathed beneath glass.

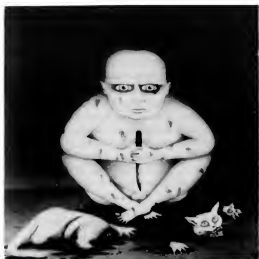
For starters, there's *Mother*, a shark-faced, droopy-breasted demoness masturbating in a puddle of fresh blood, with the shrunken head of her son teetering on her knee. There's also Connett's immediate spawn *Bongo*, a screeching, scaly little monster swinging its umbilical cord in rage as it scours the steaming, bubbling, boiling recesses of Hell waiting to even the score with papa. And, of course, there are the skeletons of Connett's 'lover' and himself, embraced in a scraping, lipless kiss as their mammoth spines wrap around one another like probing tongues.

On the very same walls, you'll also find specimens of insect-aliens chomping off their own penises, gangrene-ridden escaped convicts, dinosaurs raping female corpses, babies carving up kittens, and dragons belching fire in-between bites of human brains.

Taking a stroll through Connett's dark inner sanctum, one isn't surprised to learn that these same sick, twisted, thoroughly enjoyable paintings shared wall space with artwork by such celebrities as Charles Manson, John Wayne Gacy and Richard Ramirez in Southern California's La Luz de Jesus gallery.

But that's it. That's the closest Connett will ever come to displaying his work. At least, in someone else's gallery.

"Just about every gallery I've been involved in," says Connett, "is just an extension of the person *running* the gallery. Business people who appreciate artwork but are usually egocentric and have all kinds of idiosyncrasies that are irritating as hell. And a lot of 'em are rip-offs. Many, many times I've sold artwork and, for one whining reason



or another, not collected my money. Or not collected all of it. Usually the commission from a gallery is 40 or 50 percent - plus the shit you have to go through with those political fucking morons."

Enter Vomititus Maximus - Connett's own gallery of horrors, erected directly above his insurance business in San Francisco's warehouse cluttered south of Marker district. A den of indiscretion which Connett manages to 'support' through high-risk motorcycle and car insurance,



R.S. Connett at work.

a business his late father started back in 1948. Selling insurance? That's the same thing Connett asks himself everyday. And his answer's simple enough – it's lucrative, supports his artwork and "is the only fucking thing (he) knows how to do."

"Just before I started working with my father, I'm sure he figured I was a real loser. At least, I'm sure he thought I'd made a lot of mistakes. I dropped out of high school in the late-sixties and, by the time I was 18, was so fucked up on heroin I had to go to a hospital. I was sharing needles in the park with anybody. Thank God there was no AIDS back then or I'd be dead. I had hepatitis so bad, I lost 60 pounds in three months. I had yellow jaundice – I mean I was a fucking wreck

"Anyhow, (my father) went through this with me. He stuck by me. But here I was — a high school drop out, on heroin, no job. What're you supposed to think? I didn't know how stupid I was at the time 'cause I felt I was invincible, immortal. As if I would go on the rest of eternity being young and just saying 'fuck you' to anybody."

Starting in the early seventies, Connett learned the

insurance business from the bottom up. His father succeeded in getting him thoroughly "strung out" on every detail of the racket. Consequently, after his father was committed to a mental hospital in the late-eighties, Connett purchased the company, complete with approximately 3,000 clients. Something of a headache? Connett is always first to admit that. But nothing compared to the headaches he endured before becoming a boss man.

"My father had the same problem for years. Then I got 'em in the mid-seventies – these horrible headaches that never went away . . . for years! Continuous, never let up. I spent thousands of dollars trying to cure them. I mean, everything from checking my eyes, brain scans for tumours, psychiatry, everything you could imagine. And nothing worked. Finally I was just frothing at the mouth.

"Then I started having these anxiety attacks between 1979 and 1981. For no reason at all. I'd just go into hysterical fits of laughter and weeping. I wound up in the hospital twice and they thought I was on drugs or something. They didn't know what was going on."

In order to "put the pain on the shelf," Connett began drinking heavily. Consequently, the drinking, combined with the headaches, gave way to violent



All illustrations in this piece © R.S. Connett.



confrontations and blackouts. Not necessarily in that order.

"I'd go to a bar, and after a couple of drinks I'd have fantasies about killing the people at the bar or having people come in with guns and then blow the place apart. People would constantly tell me about things I'd done that I didn't remember. I'd go into bars, have one of these blackouts and pick fights. Look at me. I'm not a big guy. But I'd go up to black guys that were twice my size and call 'em 'fucking niggers' just to get 'em involved in a punching fight. And I mean, they'd just knock the *shit* out of me."

During that same period in the early-eighties, Connett was browsing in a San Francisco comicbook shop when he came across Giger's *Necronomicon* – Giger being the Swiss artist who realised the grotesque, scaly, metamorphic title creature in the then recently realised film *Alien*. Connett – whose love for comics goes back to childhood when he started drawing – was immediately taken by Giger and his bizarre, ghostly yet highly detailed, anatomical airbrush drawing of aliens and their remote, subterranean worlds. So taken, in fact, that he dragged the book home, kicked out his then-current girlfriend, studied Giger's style in absolute silence for days, and bought himself an airbrush and compressor. Connett's life hasn't been the same since.

"I found that through painting I was able to express all this anger and frustration which resulted from my hating my job and, of course, the headaches. Now I had an outlet. A way to channel all those violent fantasies. But, still, I do my best work when I'm pissed off or if I'm very depressed. Then I immerse myself in my art. It's totally spontaneous. As a flip side to that, the pieces I usually spend hours plotting out, nine times out of ten prove to be nothing but trash.

Ever since he began painting prolifically in the mid-eighties, Connett finds the insurance business even less tolerable. But at least the headaches have stopped. So have the women. Not that he's switched gears or practices.

"I don't really stay with women very long. The influence is strong. They're constantly trying to change me, influence me. In some cases, women *have* succeeded in changing my artwork. There was one woman who helped me learn a lot about colour. What resulted was a sort of marriage between colour and form which emerged in all my succeeding works. In that sense, the influence was helpful. But I don't think the paintings I did during that particular period really say a lot. My work isn't just about colour, flowers and sex. Why not sing about taking a shit, you know? It's the same thing. It's instinctive – eating, breathing, shitting, fucking. And my work's mostly a commentary on my own psychology. That and the disdain I feel for the world and the vermin, hypocrites and bloodsuckers infesting it. It's like a psychological vomit really. That's why the name of my gallery is Vomitus Maximus. Look it up in the dictionary. The word 'vomitus'

is in there. Really. 'Material discharge by vomiting' is the definition. Another is 'reprisal of weapon; robot bomb'."

In the case of Connett's gallery, every picture, indeed, tells a story. In fact, listening to Connett talk about the history behind some of the pieces in Vomitus Maximus is like taking a midnight stroll down Rod Serling's *Night Gallery*, each painting unfolding its own horror story. The tales behind Connett's painting, however, are the real thing.

Have a listen. . .

"Bongo is an abortion waiting for me in Hell. My best friend Theo actually named the painting. Theo's currently under house arrest for a bogus child pornography charge. But that's a different story.

### Bongo



"Anyway, Theo and I met these two women at the time who turned out to be fugitives from Yugoslavia or some socialist fucking country. They came here and wanted to get married to somebody so they could become permanent residents. And they came to our house – Theo and I were roommates at the time – and fucked us both and immediately got pregnant . . . like that! (snaps fingers) Once their pregnancies manifested, they tried to force us to marry them. Both of 'em! So, I got a lawyer and he hired a private detective who went out, dug up some dirt on these girls and forced them into getting abortions.

"And one day, Theo and I were home and we get a phone call. I pick up the phone and it's Theo's girlfriend and she says 'Listen, you motherfucker. Listen to this –' And she holds the receiver out and there's screaming, bloodcurdling screams on the other end. And she brings the

receiver back and says 'That's Sabine your girl, screaming in pain at the bloody abortion clinic in the Mission district. And your son is now in the garbage can in the back of the clinic.' I kind of got upset by it. Theo was laughing his fucking head off. 'Let's name your child', he said 'We're gonna name your kid BONGO!' (laughs) It's a joke that's continued throughout the years. And it evolved to where Theo and I would be getting loaded and he'd say, 'Steve, you know you better not die, because Bongo is waiting for you. He's waiting for you in Hell. When you go down there, you're gonna have a little son' (laughs)."

"I remember when my father came to the house and saw this one, he said 'Jesus Christ, Steve, don't ever show that picture to your mother' (laughs). And I hadn't even given it a title yet. A lot of these things are just strictly psychological registry. And I guess this painting partly evolved from my fascination with ugliness. I mean, if I look at a person, especially a woman, I'm aware of every little excess piece of flab, every blemish, every hair, every little fucking thing. And my friends are so into that – you know, like my friend Patrick who makes pornos. When I visit him in L.A., he'll bring these beautiful naked women up to me and say 'Isn't this the best thing you've ever seen in your life?' And as I look at them, I'm looking at the moles on their bodies and the beginnings of cellulite where their legs meet their asses. So I do paintings like that. That to me is womanhood – that bulbous, fat,

### Mother



flabby, fucking, cancerous shit."

"I did this after a woman broke my heart (laughs). It was the death of a romance – over a silly thing actually. She was a dancer at a strip club in San Francisco. At the time I didn't like it, though. She kept it from me because she was ashamed of it. She was an absolutely gorgeous female. Naturally blonde with skin just like milk. In fact, she taught me sadomasochism. She would take a razor and cut behind her ears and fall forward so the blood would trickle onto her breasts, and she'd have me suck the blood off her nipples. She was amazing. And she taught me how

to hit her with my fist while I was fucking her. She'd have me hit her. Really hard. And if I didn't hit her right, she'd hit me. I mean, she's just reach up while I was fucking her

### Corpse Lovers



and – boom! – I'd see stars. Sure it would make me mad, which is exactly what she wanted to do so I'd hit her. I fucked her harder, yes, but she liked to be hit. And she also liked to be strangled – to the point where she was blue, almost dead, starting to phase out, which is very dangerous. I've read many times that people who do that – and I didn't know this at the time – would die accidentally. You really can kill somebody.

"Anyhow, she was a totally-nude dancer, and when I found out, she couldn't be with me anymore. It bothered me a little, but not that much. I mean, I could've lived with it. I didn't want to break up. But she just couldn't stand the fact that I knew what she was doing, which, by the way, also included starring in porno films.

"My father was watching a fucking stag movie that she was in and came into my office one day laughing his head off and told me about it. And I didn't believe it. 'Dad, you must be fucking crazy. She's living on an inheritance'. Brother, was I naive. Because that's what she told me, you know, that she has all this money. And then

my buddy Theo, he went down to the bus station and happened to spot a goddamn publication called *CumDripper's Magazine*. And she's on the cover with some big dick and cum all over her face. And Theo brings that thing into my office, slams it onto my desk, and has a good horse laugh.

"But my girlfriend thought we had such a storybook relationship that she couldn't see me after that. So I went crazy. I got into some pretty big trouble. This was in the late-seventies before the AIDS epidemic, so you could fuck everybody and not really have to worry. But I started to hit these women when I fucked them. And then I'd begin to strangle them. I know that when I fuck people, I'm similarly repulsed by them. I mean, I can't psychoanalyse myself. I just know that it turns me on to inflict pain on certain women during sexual acts. I guess it's almost *en vogue* now to have sadomasochistic sex. Very lightweight stuff. They have these whips and things you can buy that are just soft. I'm not saying that's bad. I'm just saying that I'm the kind of person who gets into it and I wanna see blood. I really wanna rip somebody up. It's dangerous. I do have a conscience and I don't know how I could live with myself if I ever killed or really hurt someone. But I eventually got a handle on it. Just don't dig up my basement (laughs).

"Anyhow, a little while after we broke up, I saw her at some yuppy joint on Filmore Street where lawyers and doctors and jack-offs hang out. She was there with this other guy who I'd never seen before. I was getting wasted and I went into one of these fucking blackout trances. And I went up to both of them and executed them with my finger. You know, just went up to her and this guy, who didn't know me from shit, and went (makes index finger and thumb into a gun) 'blam!' Then I went around to everybody in the restaurant and did that – *blam! blam! blam!* – executed them. They had three or four patrol cars outside the place soon enough, and dragged my ass to jail.

"Have you ever heard of Isidore Ducasse, his pseudonym was the Count of Lautremont? He was this kid who lived in the early 1880s and was an ingenious writer/poet who hung himself from a lamp post at the age of 25. But before he killed himself, he wrote a book called *Maldoror*. The most *misanthropic* fucking thing. And in it he described God as someone who has a good laugh when you go through your life as a pious saint. Then you die and supposedly go up to heaven and God keeps you in a lake of boiling blood, fucks you in the ear, eats your brain and basically has a great laugh at your expense. That's what the painting is based on.

"Another painting, *Evil Thoughts* came from a piece of folk art I saw when I was down in Mexico. I think it was in Juahaca. It was a sculpture of Satan crucified. A really beautiful piece. Quite large, fantastically done, of a crucified devil with moth wings, a huge erect penis who's laughing hysterically – the devil not the penis. And to think it was done 150 years ago. You know I'm a collector. But

## God



even in Mexico they want \$1,000 for it. Up here it would probably cost five times that.

"Since I couldn't have it, I figured I'd paint it. Which I did. Actually I don't like this painting very much. I think it's rather contrived. It has some good points. For instance, I like some of the colours. But what's important about this painting is that through it I discovered the beauty of acrylic. I've never been able to have any dimensional quality through paint itself, because everything I did up until this point was in watercolours. I mean, if I removed the glass frames from those and rubbed my hand across their surfaces, I'd end up destroying them. The oil in my fingertips would be like sulphuric acid on the watercolours. But acrylic is like plastic. I love the fact that it's so indestructible. I mean, I could roll this thing up into a ball and it would still be fine. I could spit on it, barf on it, and it would still be okay. I love that.

"Before I started painting heavily, I used to drink and drive. Drive around like a fucking fool. I must have nine lives or a great guardian angel because I got away with a lotta shit. I used to drive down Lincoln Avenue drunk out of my mind, going 60 or 70 mph, and shoot the red lights – from 7th Street all the way up to the beach and back. At least 30 blocks each way. I know I could've

killed somebody. What a fucking punk.

"Around about that time, I was gonna buy a Porsche. And I remember taking a test drive in it and being amazed at how fast the fucker was. It went from zero to 60 in five seconds or something, which is pretty quick for a big piece of metal. I didn't finalise the deal that day.

"That same night, I had this vivid dream of me driving the Porsche, getting into an accident and flying through the windshield in slow motion – putting my hands up and just having the glass rip all the flesh from my hands. And I painted it. It's a black and white piece but it's very angular. A few of my paintings have that style of fragmentation. Not cubist. A little different. It's more... fragmented. But this particular painting was done with one colour. Neutral tint. It's sort of a bluish black which reminds me of the non-colour you see when you close your eyes. I literally took my hand and put it over my eyes when I drew it and took a ballpoint pen and just scribbled

### Screaming Glass



frantically. And I diluted the neutral tint, using different gradations to paint in the little squares and things that resulted from this hysterical scribbling."

These days, in-between painting and his insurance tasks,

Connett manages to squeeze in time for his lawyer. He currently has \$5 million in lawsuits pending against him and the business.

"Bullshit lawsuits against me because somebody's trying to get something for nothing. The American work ethic – let's sue somebody and win the lotto."

Nonetheless, lawsuits or no lawsuits, Connett hopes to eventually open another gallery – and he hasn't even had a public showing at Vomitus yet! But, since Vomitus Maximus is 500 sq. ft. (around the size of a studio apartment), and Connett's artwork continues to pile-up like cockroaches in a dark cupboard, he'd like to find a space which is about triple that, roughly the area of a one-story house.

"My plan is to have just my artwork shown in the gallery. No one else's. Selling's not a high priority. In fact, I'm at the point where if someone can prove to me that they like a painting, I'll give it to 'em. Fuck it. If they've got a lot of money, sure, I'll take a donation. But this whole notion about selling artwork is just fucking bullshit. I hope and I pray to God that I can get away with it, because if I ever have to depend on money from art, I'm in deep shit."

Those Interested can reach R.S. Connett at: Gallery, 679 Harrison, San Francisco, California 94107, USA. Tel. 415-896-2956.

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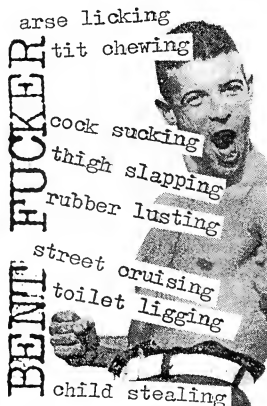
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# queery everything HOMOCULT

David Kerekes



Their book sticks a dick in your soup. And then uses it to toss the salad. Their abrasive posters have shocked, and their politics offend. They advocate "queer bashing" and want to steal your children ("what we can't fuck we eat"). They call themselves evil, class war law-breakers. They are Homocult – homos with an attitude.

They claim to employ the language of the streets, and caused a certain resonance within the Gay and Lesbian community with the launch of their *Queer with Class: The First Book of Homocult*. Artist and filmmaker Derek Jarman called it "angry, controversial and essential," while many "left-wing" or "Radical" bookshops refused to stock

it outright, believing it to be "racist, grossly offensive and utterly insensitive" (Nottingham's Mushroom Books went as far as to say it's "badly produced," which it is not).

The book is a collection of the prose, graphics and graffiti to have appeared in the media and upon city centre walls over the past couple of years. Pouring through their back catalogue, it isn't impossible to figure that Homocult enjoy stomping on toes in order to get their message across. The message? HOMOsapienCULTure. An attempt at deconstructing the social classes by kicking at the boots of the heterosexual. "It doesn't matter if you're a woman or a man, Or if you sleep with a man or a woman," runs

one of the messages, "We are ALL human sexual, ie. HOMOSEXUAL." But for our money that clever word play isn't nearly as portent as the huge image of a snarling dog with the word "dyke" stamped above it, the notation at the bottom reading "Rammed down your throat by Homocult" Or the singular statement "QUEER CUNT" scrawled over a picture of a guy (or woman). These – and the others like it – proffer something that isn't wanting or wanted. That doesn't feel it ought to be justifying itself.

All the imagery is striking however. Some of it is satirical; all of it abrasive. One of the most contentious items contained in *Queer with Class*, one which inevitably lies at the core of any bad press the book garners, is *Killer Queen*. It runs as follows:

*Within the last week HOMOCULT have received a call from a shirtlifter who claims to have executed over 500 rich queers in the last year alone. This cheeky freedom fighter was diagnosed as having HIV over seven years ago and decided to dedicate his life to the selfless struggle of CLASS WAR.*

*Being an 'attractive, rough, labourer kind of bloke', this 'sexy, young, working-class stud' simply made himself available to the rich ponces who creamed their posh pants at the chance of having his 'manly' cock up them.*

*"They were all closets, riddled with shame and so seedy they never mentioned safe sex, in fact they had no self-dignity at all. So I simply gave them what they were begging for. They were only too willing to be 'contaminated' by my power."*

*When asked if he was not afraid of the virus, he said, "Oh yeah, at first. Then I thought well what's new, life's a death sentence, I've spent what I've had of it so far in danger. I mean, kids round where I live are dying over pudgy little things like food or fucking freezing to death on the streets. By the time me and the virus teamed up I was death's best mate. Believe me, I plan to die of old age."*

*"It's given me a chance to do something positive for my class. I feel better now than I have in years, I'm even making a bit of cash out of it. The way I see it is, my immunity system has been strengthened by contact with life. These stinking rich queers are so protected and ignorant that the virus is like someone bursting their comfortable little bubble. Most of 'em die from the shock."* HOMOCULT say, keep it up love

I spoke to Homocult's man 'Steve' about it.

#### Would you class yourself part of the Gay community?

Steve: We don't recognise minority politics, unless you're talking about the rich tossers who think they are in charge. We are the virus in the system. The loud mouthed whores from the underclass, forcing our stinking common sex down the rotten lying throat of this great fucking sewer of a country . . . We aren't interested in moaning on about

how down trodden and oppressed we are, or how our so-called peers are able to use greed to divide us.

#### Why the 'virus in the system'?

We see how adaptable we are, what spirit we have, the knowledge we possess, what we are capable of, how rich we are in mind, sex, humour, care, defiance and love compared to their sterile la-de-da offerings. We piss on our so-called betters . . . and the sick bastards love it.

#### Homoculture and Heterotrash as you have it – would there be a difference in an ideal world?

Because . . . the over educated, under-intelligent, inbreeds have the nerve to call our class 'Dirty seedy lying evil animals'. We say let them. These words are as good as any to describe us. We don't reclaim these things. The lower the word the more it tells our story. We wallow in them.

#### There is a war on–

We are not interested in the individualistic offerings the art world wallows in, where a name on a scrap of bog paper fetches millions, a licence to turn crap into cash. We prefer to be known for *what* we are. Our efforts are not of their priceless original nature, they are cheap and common, they speak of the experiences of many . . . I'm afraid every time we get down to doing interviews they tend to turn into bits of rants again . . . but that's sometimes the easiest way of getting to the bottom of what we are about.

#### Thankyou.

Thankyou.



*Queer with Class: The First Book of Homocult* is available from MS ED Promotions, PO Box 45, Manchester, M12 4EA. Price: £5.00 + 75p p&p.

# The Old Man of the MOUNTAINS

## Wheezer McTeague

*Wheezer McTeague is on holiday right now. In lieu of his regular column, the following is a transcript of the numerous missives he has since dispatched Wheezer's Picture Postcard if you like.*

Jeezus Carahst Almahty! What a fucking business! Here I am, suddenly in the company of Beautiful People, mixing with the high and mighty in an Exclusive Ski Resort at some absurd altitude in the Swiss Alps. Arriving in our privately chartered mini-bus I was confronted by a vision of what I imagine a mass delivery of doomed souls to Gehenna to be like. Saturday afternoon and the village was so crowded with ski jerks it look like they'd opened cattle trucks and driven hundreds of gaudily attired Croation refugees into the streets. Apart from the fact they weren't raping goats and eating babies, that is. Well, it took me a while to find the ones who were, but that's another story.

One nightmare to immediately manifest itself was the inevitable altitude sickness – lurching around at these heights produces immediate hyperventilation and palpitations if you even *think* about moving – so my customary dozen or so solo gearstick manipulations per day are well out of order.



It hasn't taken long to figure out an elementary delineation of the various bozoids at large here, and there are three main groups wherein are contained the vast majority: 1) Ski Babes & Ski Hunks – younger types, inevitably in couples, so the prospect of scoring (with either, if you're that desperate) is virtually nil. 2) Ski bitches & Ski Blockheads –

middle aged women and men essentially interested in admiring only themselves. Even if you thought you'd managed to score, a Blockhead would only get a hard-on in front of a mirror, and a Bitch would have a sex organ like a bag of dried prunes from a Vegan takeaway. 3) Ski Cunts & Ski Losers – the over-35s, beautiful people too old to fake it any more. Appearing wizened before they've even got their clothes off, both men and women have a sour look of constant hate and it's certain that their only amusement in life would be to give you AIDS.

But as far as sex in general goes, forget it – these places are the pits. You wouldn't count on the lowliest Ski Babes (or even Bitches) for a mercy fuck – just try it. You'll end up feeling like you're crawling around on your hands and knees with a sign around your neck saying 'Begging For It'... Most of these specimens are too keen on preening anyway, so the concept of allowing some penniless foreigner's tool into their treasure chest is anathema to them... And even more frustrating than simply being surrounded by beautiful ski babes is knowing



## VERBIER

that they wouldn't even look at a toad like you (I'm still dressed in jeans and Doc Martens – wish I'd brought my fucking leather jacket, at least I could have felt like a twat in comfort) and knowing that any attempt to boff one would lead to an immediate coronary from the effort of doing anything at 30,000 feet (or whatever the fuck it is up here) anyway...

One of the methods by which I was conned here was through the idea of a 'recuperative' holiday – you know, sun, ski, fresh air, exercise. You must be kidding! Apart from the aforementioned dozen plus physical jerks a day I haven't moved a fucking muscle since I was last employed! So what I end up with is residence in an 'exclusive' chalet with people who smoke 100 cigarettes per day (even the children and probably the fucking dog too if I had the strength to get up and check) and where the heat is always turned up to MAX. It's like living in the armpit of a Turk. Then once you get into the 'fresh' air you can't walk more than ten paces without coughing your lungs out due to the altitude. The dishwasher quickly broke



*The Alps\**

dodging ski gits while attempting to drag your manic children out of the mud. When you finally stake your claim to three square feet (sorry, metres) of actual snow, it's too powdery to form snowballs or build snowmen in the middle of fast descent ski lanes, the only constructive element of the holiday I was looking forward to . . .

So I sit around drinking, coughing, hawking and spitting, breathing in foul air, gasping for breath every time I move, not to mention performing humiliating menial tasks like drying dishes – the highlight of the day is taking the fucking dog for a shit in the evening! I've also managed to partly tear off the unseen but doubtless hideous growth situated behind my right knee, occasioning colossal blood loss all over the sheets. What this means is that I've had to bandage it up by winding various types of gauze and tape around my knee, causing me to affect a rather crazed limp. At first I felt incredibly embarrassed by this, but what I didn't take into consideration was that this place positively thrives on stupid injuries, and of course it turned out to be a far better attention-grabber than swanning around in black with mirror shades. I can hobble about to my heart's content, mumbling abstractedly about 'just missing the championship because of this bloody injury – I may never ski again. . . ' Well, hell, it amuses me, so fuck you.

Our room is full of these signed original colour pencil drawings of a repulsive female child decked out in traditional Swiss gear, sucking its thumb. I managed to turn a couple of them around but unfortunately several 'fragmented' in my hands. I wonder if that comes into the 'acceptable damages' category . . . ?

Meanwhile an endless tape of Gene Pitney and Roy Orbison plays, acting as a sort of demented counterpoint to the endless game of 'Black Pig' while consuming gallons of Swiss red wine. I now know *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* off by heart and there's a real weird song apparently called *Peckerboy Peckerboy*. I wonder what *that* one's all about – maybe there's something we don't know about Gene Pitney . . .

Switzerland, as you know, is a country whose architecture

down (and I don't mean some old hag we hired and drove to mental incapacity . . .), the toilet paper ran out (a real disaster for me, what with my multitudinous bowel movements and need for rolls of the stuff to 'clean up' after my 'personal exercises'). The goddamn baby would only play in the mud instead of the snow (oh yeah – we got there just as the snow on the lower slopes was melting, so ended up staring at mud puddles and thinning crusts of snow – a sight about as welcoming as the open buttocks of a Norwegian Ski Loser).

Also, due to the incredible number of stupid tourists (all of whom drive huge cars and/or supervans), the roads are more dangerous than those in New York (there are also about twenty buses every ten minutes crammed full of klutzes with skis etc) and you breathe in more carbon monoxide than you would walking down Oxford Street in the middle of July!

It's also hotter than the fucking Sahara, if you can believe it, so all the ludicrous garb we were conned into buying is friggin' useless! I'll get more wear from my thermal long-johns in sunny fucking Chingford than Verbier. . . You also have to be canny. 'They' will initially fob you off with the worst sort of sledge – some ancient massive wooden thing with thin metal runners – so when you finally discover a microscopic patch of snow and get the kids onto it, the runners sink straight through the quarter inch of snow into the slop! This assuming you can actually find a patch of snow that hasn't melted without ascending a few thousand feet – the lower slopes are awash with densely clustered skiing lunatics crawling all over the remaining snow like flies on fresh dooky. You end up



consists entirely of hideous little musical boxes. You can't help feeling that when they replace roof slates the fucking houses start to tinkle. Imagine whole communities made up of these vile dwellings, where everything costs ten times what it's worth – a bit like that place at the end of *The Getaway* in fact. I feel more like Doc McCoy every day. All this will end in tears, I have no doubt.

Because the Swiss are so refined (and are used to dealing with most of the world's villains seeking to sneak a few billion away in their wholesome clutches) it facilitates communication with them. No point in taxing your feeble mind with schoolboy French to come up with a grammatical incorrectitude like "Je voudrais vomir sur vous, baby" or "Mon merde est dans votre orielle" when a simple "Fuck you" will suffice – these are cosmopolitan people after all, and there are certain phrases that are just universal. Or if you feel your communication has gone unregistered (probably because you didn't mention a large enough sum of money) you can eventually rid the dolt you're dealing with of his vacant expression by adding, say, "cocksucking motherfucker" to your request until they finally get the gist. Don't feel bad about doing it, either, because they're laughing so loud when they bend you over to extract that extra 25F for a couple of shots of whisky that a bit of abuse is simply par for the course – hell, it's even essential. Anyway, hanging around people you detest *can* be therapeutic, or so they'll unquestionably inform me at the analyst's when I get home. But I suppose French is at least a fairly civilised language and doesn't sound like someone expelling a mouthful of snot (which I'm usually in the process of doing when I speak to people round here anyway). The only solace I can find is that it isn't Norway.

Actually, I bet you can fucking guess the nationality of the ugliest family I've seen so far. About eight bulbous figures got off a bus, wobbling disgustingly and sweating profusely, heaping up enough gear to outfit an olympic ski team, wearing the most repulsive garish ski suits I've seen all week. With stars and stripes bobble caps...

But the Swiss have no fucking culture really, man. What are we to make of them? They take money from every crook on the face of the earth, they pass laws to stop said villains owning anything but the most squalid properties (though if you can tell the difference between one Eidelweiss covered musical box and another then good on you, pal) and then have the gall to complain that all these foreigners come to their country but only spend their money on tourist shit! I mean, what exactly is one supposed to give back to the community when the bastards will only let you live in a doghouse in the industrial section of Phuckville? And, when you come to think of it, isn't *The Swiss Book of Impressive Achievements* about the same size as *The Conservative Book of Honesty*?

The thing about the women here being rich and consequently cultured is that at least the young ones are mostly beautiful – money, after all, is usually synonymous

with beauty. Or maybe it's the other way around – it's a socio-economic factor I've yet to fully figure out. What I am sure of though is that there are no Sharon or Tracy types here (poor = ugly & stupid and/or vice versa, a socio-economic factor it takes no fucking genius to compute). So exclusivity has its positive aspects after all – one may be surrounded by ball-busting bitches and bastards who wouldn't piss in your mouth if you were dying of thirst, but at least they're not stupid, poor or ugly. Be thankful for small mercies, as they say Oop North (but not in Switzerland, where they have no small mercies).

Staying on the subject of exclusivity, at least you know that the billions of Swiss Francs you're parting with every minute means you won't ski into herds of vomiting cortically compromised Ilford dullards or find some Moss Side crack baron asleep in your hallway. And, you know, the mere sight/sound of anyone English or American (don't worry, they stand out like a clean dick in a VD clinic) has me blithering away in gibberish French in the hopes that they won't come over and talk to me simply because I talk the same language. Hey! Maybe there's something to be said for the Beautiful People after all!



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# RIVERS & BLOOD

## ARI ROUSSIMOFF

in the shadow of a

# KILLER

David Slater

Ari Roussimoff — Russian painter/filmmaker and actor (many may have recently seen him lose his face after a full-frontal shotgun blast in Nick Zedd's *War is Menstrual Envy*) — is about to unleash his latest movie, *Trail of*

*Blood*, which he believes may lead to the identification of the Green River Killer.

The still-at-large inter-state killer has tallied an estimated 60 victims to date. The first bodies were



Mutilated victim (Ellie Davis) in the hands of the Green River Killer. *Trail of Blood*.



David Huberman as Fletcher, the Green River Killer *Trail of Blood*

discovered in 1982, mutilated, strangled and dumped in Washington State's Green River – thus giving the elusive serial killer a suitable moniker. The death toll exceeded 40 female victims, invariably prostitutes and run-aways, before the killings stopped in that area. In 1985 they began again in San Diego, the link being the identical modus operandi, and the production team believe they have evidence that further murders occurring in New Bedford, Massachusetts and Amsterdam are the work of the same man.

During production of the film the crew were subject to unwarranted investigation, mysterious surveillance and even death threats. Filming in New Bedford resulted in a permanent tail of police vehicles, an unidentified character taking photographs at each location shoot and actors being followed by suspicious looking men in their home towns, New York and San Diego. Paranoia? Hype? Or has Roussimoff uncovered a hot-bed of conspiracy and murder? Utilising footage shot in Tijuana's sleaziest no-go areas and the real-life whores, pimps, junkies, crooks and drug pushers found there, *Trail of Blood* could well be the true crime equivalent of Scorsese's *Mean Streets*.

The screenplay of *Trail of Blood* has been written by Roussimoff himself and the financial backing came from his home country Switzerland. Typically, Roussimoff has acquired a cast of unique characters. Poet, performance artist, comedian and actor David Huberman plays the killer. William Kotzwinkle, author of such contemporary classic novels as *Doctor Rat*, *The Fan Man*, and *Fata Morgana* plays himself in the film. He was working on a novel about a murderer but abandoned the project after suffering

extreme emotional turmoil while delving into the psyche of a serial killer. Joe Coleman also makes an appearance in the film as himself. His preoccupation with killers helped in research and the acquisition of actual crime scene photographs. Philosopher Copernicus makes an appearance as a corrupt Senator from Massachusetts aiming to thwart the investigations into the crimes and lofty Paul Swanger is the County Sheriff on the killer's trail.

Roussimoff was able to take time off his busy schedule for the following interview.

**Headpress** You began your first full-length film *Shadows in the City* in 1985. Why did it take so long to reach completion?

**Ari Roussimoff** To put it simply - funding. A few investors got together to do a one-day shoot, and since we were rather naive in 1985, we thought the rest would come easy. How wrong we were. We didn't shoot again until '87, and then only for two weekends. In late '88 we started and stopped once again. The enthusiastic response of the great filmmaker Fellini over a few of our scenes assured us



Erika Galgano portrays a Washington State prostitute *Trail of Blood*

of continuous financing from then on. It was a long, long, long road. One which I no longer care to travel.

*Jack Smith was at first reluctant to play a role in the film. Do you think it was ironic that he died shortly after playing 'The Spirit of Death'?*

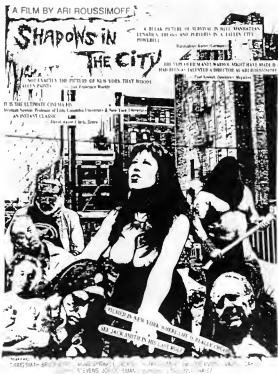
Jack at first, over the telephone, was extremely enthusiastic. But when I went to see him in person later that evening, he suddenly demanded a large chunk of cash that was totally absurd. I left him with the synopsis in any case. A few days later he called and agreed to do the film since he enjoyed the treatment. When I approached him to portray the role of the Spirit of Death I was completely unaware of the fact that he had AIDS. When he revealed this to me during our meeting, naturally I felt quite guilty about offering him that role. However, it didn't deter him one bit. In spite of being the consummate eccentric, difficult underground guru, and generally hard to deal with human being, nonetheless Jack Smith was a creative genius, way ahead of his time and a true professional when he wanted to be. My experiences with Smith and many others during the making of *Shadows in the City* are recounted in a memoir that will be incorporated into a book to be published by the Memoria Pulp publishing company in Germany. It contains several amusing anecdotes, not only related to Jack Smith but also Emile de Antonio, Taylor Mead, Annie Sprinkle, and others.

*Sounds like an essential read. The poster for Shadows had a line indicating life in New York is really cheap. Is this to say it's cheaper than in South America?*

I purposely lifted that phrase from the ad campaign for the film *Snuff*. As a sometime actor I once did an audition for Roberta Findlay who made *Snuff*. She currently runs Reeltime Films, a film distributing company. A past acquaintance of mine, former movie-lab technician and pornographer Malcolm Moral aka Carter Stevens, shot the ridiculous killing finale of *Snuff* which was actually filmed in his Manhattan loft. He recalled that they all laughed hysterically during production.

New York is an atrocious place, and contrary to self-propaganda, a big bore – a big pretentious bore. They always sing self praises galore. The mayor and governor always say how New York is the greatest city on earth. Can you imagine a mayor of any *truly* great city – Paris, Rome, Jerusalem, London – utter such nazi-type gibberish. These cities are by far more artistic, more open-minded, and have that fabulous sense of history that compliments the new as well. New York is expensive, filthy, unfriendly, a general dud. Take my word for it.

*Is this why you're planning on relocating to Europe, because you've had enough of the States or is it a business move?*



*Shadows in the City.*

My home is actually in Zürich, Switzerland. I was born in Germany of Russian parents. My late father was a very gifted novelist who in fact exposed the dreadful Soviet Gulags long before the age of Solzhenitsyn during the 1950s. He brought me up in a very cultural household, extremely close to Russian culture and tradition. Every now and then I tour with my performance group, the Trans-Siberian Kossacks, a pseudo-Russian performance troupe.

To answer your question, I am very European, sort of like Nietzsche's description of the international European. I travel a great deal, and part of the time I'm in New York. I have spent much time in the States, especially since 1980. Only so because then I fell in love with a very talented and beautiful girl named Claudia who was American. When our relationship fell apart, I got involved in many exhibitions of my paintings, began to produce and direct documentaries on art, and gravitated into film. So it went. But, alas, America is not for me. In general I find the place extremely restrictive and suffocating. It's existence is based entirely upon exploitation. There is by far, less freedom here than we have in most of Europe. Compared to a Third World country, America is okay, but that's it. It should be noted that the immense amount of poverty, human neglect, and greed that typifies this extravagantly wealthy nation will one day result in america pointing the way of Bolshevik

Russia and Hitler's Germany. This land hasn't got an ounce of spirituality that would hold it together in the future. You may scoff at my predictions – but we'll see.

*Who are your most admired film directors?*

Fritz Lang, Von Stroheim, Eisenstein, Dziga Vertov, James Whale, Mark Donskoi, Buñuel, Welles, Pudovkin. It's so difficult, there are so many great directors. Each has his own pluses. I am truly in awe of great talent. And when God gives somebody talent, then he or she has gotten themselves a mission. Even if they don't realise it, this is the case. Did you know that the poet Vladimir Mayakovski was also a 'futurist' filmmaker. Pretty good too.

*What was it like working with Nick Zedd in War is Menstrual Envy?*

He was very easy going, a nice, quiet fellow. He performed in my previous film *Shadows in the City*, so I reciprocated the favour for his film.

*You had a hard time in War . . . , being pestered by a transvestite, hassled by a drunk, and finally having your face blown off with a shotgun.*

Yeah, it was fun. It's like those gore movies – when the

audience watches them they can freak out at the effects. But often, for the technicians, the bloodiest, most revolting scenes become 'the life of the party'. They laugh it off as if there were no tomorrow. Zedd's shoot was easy. In fact he used Theo Pingarelli as his cinematographer. He got Theo through me, since he did some of the camerawork on my film. Theo is fast, precise, and highly attentive to detail. He did lots of assistant camerawork for the Troma group.

*You were going to make Grip of Terror. Was that the original title for Trail of Blood, or another idea entirely?*

*Grip of Terror* was a story I wrote several years back. It's truly shocking. It contains a monster the likes of which no one has ever seen before. That's an outrageous claim, but it's true! The time may be premature for this treatment, but since I have about 10 film projects in mind, its time will eventually come.

*Do you really believe Trail of Blood points to the actual Green River Killer?*

We've changed all names for legal reasons, and we do certainly point to the identity of the killer as much as we can legally. However, we are even more daring in pinpointing others who we're convinced are involved in the



William Kotzwinkle and Ari Roussimoff on the set of *Trail of Blood*.



Copernicus as the corrupt Senator. *Trail of Blood*.

Green river case. Last May I personally received a death threat, and there have been various telephone calls demanding that we "back off." Individuals who were freely supplying us with confidential information, which includes actual forensic reports, duplicates of x-rays, and police files have mysteriously backed off. Luckily for us, they did this after sharing *much* pertinent information. Likewise, the production team have been tailed. All this will make its way into the plot of *Trail of Blood*. This movie is not merely a depiction of the Green River killer himself, but it shows him as a mirror reflection of the environment in which he exists. One thing that my experiences in America have given me is a clear insight into the American people, or should I say so-called American people, with all their peculiar quirks and idiosyncrasies. Let me add that *Trail of Blood* is a Swiss production, not American.

*There seems to be a world-wide fascination with serial killers at the moment. Why do you think this is?*

I guess it's the old cliché of the rollercoaster sensation. People are fascinated by that thrill which doesn't come too close, but close enough to remove them out of the every day drudgery of their existence. It's hard to say if it's a good or a bad thing. Perhaps it varies with the individual.

*William Kotzwinkle makes an appearance in your latest film. Are you a fan of his writing?*

Kotzwinkle is an excellent author. His very sensitive, acute and individual vision of the serial killer psyche translates well in *Trail of Blood*. Actually the entire cast is fabulous. David Huberman, who portrays the killer is a very talented New York actor. This is his starring debut. Matthew Courtney, Sharon Recchio, Paul Swanger, Joe Coleman, Madonna Chavez, Johnny Lanz, Salvatore Darigo, Amelia Stebly, and all the rest are really wonderful!

*Some unfamiliar names there. Will Trail of Blood expose any new talents?*

Absolutely. That's part of the film world which is great fun - to be able to recognize new talent and introduce these people to the public and watch a career take off. Madonna Chavez, a very gifted actress, appears in the role of a San Diego undercover cop who takes on the responsibility of masquerading as a prostitute. Madonna, who briefly appeared in my previous film, has a major role here. She has a background in modelling as well as acting and happens to be the niece of the recently deceased union hero César Chavez. I'll predict that Madonna (which is her given birth name) could become a sex symbol for the next decade. Look for her.

The music for the film is composed and performed by John Morace. Interestingly, Morace is not only a composer, but an actor and theatre director as well. He has staged plays in New York's famous La Mama theatre, and in *Trail of Blood* plays the role of Brother Mortimer - Grand Vizier of the Ku Klux Klan.

Another one to look out for is an actress named Sharon Recchio who plays the role of the social worker



The killer strikes again. *Trail of Blood*.

who relentlessly pursues the bizarre murder case. Sharon is new to film, but she has terrific presence and I predict a future full of interesting roles.

Retired police officer Salvatore Darigo delivers a real surprise. Sal exemplifies the perfect 'natural'. With no prior acting experience, or ambitions for that matter, he gives a most sympathetic performance as the conscientious Washington State Sergeant MacDawson. I hope to see all these people further their careers because they deserve lots of credit. The film world is still in need of terrific character actors such as Salvatore Darigo, multi-talents such as John Morace, theatre-trained performers such as Sharon Recchio, and talented buxom beauties such as Madonna Chavez.

*You are as much a painter as a filmmaker, where does your artistic inspiration come from?*

I love Rembrandt, I love the art of the Old Masters, I love peace, harmony, spirituality and sex. Like anyone creative, an artist is like a sponge. The artist soaks in the life, good or bad, that surrounds him. Can he be truly subjective? I doubt it. But he integrates these experiences into his own psyche. The mesh of all these things results in paintings, music, books, poetry, films, and what-have-you.

My paintings could be described as being 'mystically expressionistic', although I avoid labels. When I paint faces with four eyes, this has a spiritual significance. One set of eyes are the spiritual, the heart. The second pair represent the mind. Together they equal spirituality and/or creativity. Much of my style is based on Russian tradition and Slavic folk art. The Dutch and Flemish Old Masters such as Rembrandt, Rubens, Bruegel and Van Eyck constitute a major influence as do the Ikons of Byzantium.

*You seem to have a fascination with strange people, monstrosities, freaks and the like, particularly in your paintings. Would you like to see a return of the traditional 'Freak Show'?*

Freaks are proof positive that God is indeed the greatest artist and the ultimate surrealist. He may have given these people a challenge, as he did with Job. How can anyone claiming to bear even a speck of sensitivity turn their heads away from these people. Would I like to see a return of the Freak Show? I couldn't care less.

*What are your future plans?*

An entrepreneurial young lady named Lori West and myself will create an international film production company with possible bases in Germany and Holland. Hopefully we might set foot in the United Kingdom as well. Our intent is to produce and direct exciting, original and entertaining, feature-length movies on reasonable



*An Old Jew.*

budgets to be lensed primarily on European soil, and to be distributed internationally. We will be working together with Oliver Ruts of Memoria Pulp publishing in Germany as well as talented individuals who want to work with us in Holland. We are currently seeking individuals in various areas of film who may care to be part of this (writers, cinematographers, actors, actresses, technicians, artists, etc) if there is any interest amongst your readers they could write to us in the USA at.

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#### LUST FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE...

## GOROTICA?

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# RANT #5

**my deathtrip's sicker  
than your deathtrip . . .  
the spectre of AIDS  
meaning unprepossessing  
acne'd virgins have even  
less chance of getting laid,  
hence: The 666 Trip**

Howard Lake

. . . sometimes wonder, not 'bout El Diabolo & whether the ol' bugger exists, cause of course he exists, mebbe not as the Vatican-patented horny redhead model or just something **un-good** inside each & every one of us (th' devil got inna me!). No, I wonder 'bout his fan club, of which membership's swelling day by day as we lurch onna crashcourse toward tomorrow. Shit, getting so's you can't get y'self a shot of arsenic down at the *Old Prince Albert & Ampallang* without some black-garbed nogoodnik skulking over to flaunt their latest inverted cross tat (I blame Black Sabbath) and fill you in on who's sacrificing what in the neighbourhood – all a sudden *every* bugger's got A. Crowley living in the wardrobe and they can all correctly pronounce Cthulhu, but me? Well, I'm not so damn sure – Apocalypse, Revelation, the six-six-six shtick's all v. well and good, fits neatly the evidence we see each & every day and you know me – *we're all fuckin' doomed!* But I can't help it: I still wonder . . .

Hmmm, I mean, some of these 666'ers can be fun, y'know – like when they're playing Led Zep LPs backwards or slicing up hapless citizens for Nicky-boy, but the vast majority of their # are pretty ugly, real drabsters, not serving Satan, just hangin' around in the dark recesses of their own Id – which is a fun place to be, inna lower intestine of a Rottweiler kinda fun place to be, but you wouldn't wanna fuck 'em none, and that's one of then things bothers me 'bout these guys & gals – their basic **unfuckability**, and before the squeals of *I Serve Baphomet* and *I'm screwed dickless!* get too loud I'll accede, yeh, some of yous are too damn sexy, but then there's the odd foxy **nun** – it's Behind Convent Walls, not Behind Hades' Hedge . . . right?

– a dab of Sherbet x-tra and keep this here lateral thinking going – how cum I'm thinking 'bout *them* guys here, the dungeons & dragons crowd you shared yr adolescence

with? Remember them dweebs? – a lack of melanin & NHS specs, forever sat at the side – not the back – of the class rappin' bout Sagoth the Weird, Vutruhl the Berserker, Dickbrain the Unfuckable. Extrapolate inna the realm of the 666'ers, isolate common factors – a delight in arcane & unpronounceable names; a shared love of extreme facial hair; an inability to get laid . . . Mmmm, and pierced through the septum. Coulda been a contender, coulda been an accountant . . . but now he's on the 5th Path hand-in-hand w/ the head honcho from way down under. But what the Hell – he's **happy** in an introverted nightly self-abuse kinda way – his world view is as negative as yours truly, so why get so hot under the helmet? Yeh, you wired blabbermouth, *why???*

– was thinking that, a calming doob clearing the cortex of all this spleen; was thinking these 666'ers are **alright**, 'least their heart's in the right place . . . but then I'm making one of my usual tawls of London's premier purveyors of weird shit and I'm a-flickin' thru the sorta stuff you folks read and something cums across heavy as one of Cilla Black's cheesy *double entendres*, something I sure as shit feel **uneasy** 'bout, y'know? . . . start to notice a certain strain of thought cummin' across, this quasi-Nazi 'survival of the fittest' shtick dribbling in from all corners of the spectrum. The bullshit detector's reading off the scale, but the **unease** remains.

– suddenly the Valhalla mob are upon us, cumming outa nowhere, spouting Odin & Abraxas & Teutonic Paganism & getting **real real serious** 'bout it, too – keep it going, keep the thinking stinking . . . Whitehouse – *so powerful, so bold*, so . . . like, out there & fuckyou & yr mother too – Ohhh, yeh and the strong dominate the weak & the clever dominate the strong . . . dominate, dominate, **dominate** – like Ian Brady did, like Peter Sotos would wanna . . . hey, Charlie M. was **right** – he was



tapped into the fuckin' net, maan; he had the masterplan . . . **domination**, that's the way to true happiness, yeh Jus' seeing things as they are, pal; jus' seeing 'em **As They Are**. Hey, we're going **deep** inna the Darkside, we're invoking the blackness of the human soul lying just beneath the surface. It's dangerous territory, kid - *anything* goes and anyone saying different's an agent of the Pod People. Out here in the extremes of human behaviour, I can say *anything*, do *anything*, and it'll be cool, you'll defend my right not to be censored, 'cause you're not afraid, are you?

So if I put on Nazi insignia and some Death Camp Descendant tries to stove in my skull, you'll defend me, right? You'll defend my **right** to eulogise power for power's sake - *er, yeh, Hitler wasn't bad; he just had some funny ideas; y'know* . . . - uh-huh, my deathtrip's sicker'n *your* deathtrip. Motherfuckers. Notice, too, that these ideas & theories on the whole power/domination/666 trip are emanating from the Good Ol' USA - no names, you know who they are. And but of course - after all, wasn't **Pittsburgh** getting the Gestapo wakey-wakey way back when (before these MFs even wriggled out of Mom's poon, natch); no genocide factories outside of **Los Angeles**, right? Mebbe, seen from a long long, safe safe distance you think, yeh, some of those ideas weren't so unsound . . . and nice 'n' gentle we move toward an ambivalence toward the jolly old Turd Reich.

It all boils down to **power** and I can understand why these groovy fuckers are going for the 666 weltenschaung - precious li'l power around these days, personal power i.e. freedom to indulge yr whims from gay tonsil-tonguing to sandpaping yr gonads w/ consenting adults. What power exists is in the hands of (a) clowns (b) butchers, and (c) the mysterious THEM organization (of freemasonry, or aliens, or teeny pink bunny rabbit living in Ohio). And we all of us **needs** some power, however retarded our ego might be; we all wanna feel we're more than just a # onna government form, but the further we go the less power in real terms we got. Yeh, we realize the con of media/state/blahblah and we're trying to subvert that any way we can. Face up, we're desperate - day by day everything we've known all along is cumming true, nightmare predictions bear fruit, the insane take the reins. Panic sets in - 666 starts cropping up every damn place, the mark of the Beast seen on a Woolworth barcode - every man for himself, only the strong survive. Panic spreads, quietly at first, but now it's getting louder & louder and here cums the domination brigade all dressed in black & sporting a v. nice Antoin LaVey beard, bawling, *What we needs here is some natural selection!!!* Mmm, jus' like Uncle Charlie - the John the Baptist of te Apocalypse - said . . . s'okay, he ain't rilly a Nazi, y'know; **race war?** What 'race war' - oh, and Brady/Sutcliffe/Dahmer & the guys? They wuz only **expressing** their global view, weren't they?

- wouldn't trust an American 'intellectual' w/ a

concept more than I'd trust myself w/ an oz of 100% pure - they jus' can't resist getting in and fucking w/ it. 666? Fuck, man, saw it imprinted on my **breakfast muffin**. Revelation? It's happening out in my **yard!** I wouldn't give 3 shakes of a pronged trident for the bunch - a more rampantly out-of-control clutch of egos you'd be hard-pressed to unearth. Oh, sure, they give good concept, but what kinda concept is it? Exploit, abuse, dominate, use - and these fuckers'll smirk like Dick Ramirez off to Disneyland if you hold up yr hand and disagree: *heh heh heh - haven't offended your politically correct sensibilities, have I . . . ?* And you, hell, you don't wanna get that PC tag, do you? so you kowtow to their egomania - Yussir, dey surely are th' baddest an' bestest cultural terrorists of all!

& check that line - **cultural terrorism, aesthetic terrorism** . . . not, you note, **real terrorism** or even **real terror** - oh fur shur, we're well & truly inna the dark days, the terminal twitch time, time of omens & portents and, well, you don't have to share my damn toothbrush to know I been hollering **Psychosis Now!** any chance I get, but these 666ers, w/ their sociopath swagger and *fin de siecle* cool hatreds, still don't know the true meaning of **terror** - not like a 10-yr-old Bosnian moslem kid pack-raped by Chetnicks onna rampage of government-authorized forced impregnation knows terror - *'Oh yeah, but . . .'* them bad m/fuckers drawl, *'it's, like, the feral nature of man, y'see, the wewerol' unner the skin . . .'* GET THE FUCKEN **FUCK OUTA MY FACE!!!** I wanna see **YOU**, you and yr oh-so-fucken-COOL decadence, I wanna see you w/ some gnarly Serb dick shoved twelve inches up YOUR bunghole x10 a night. I wanna see you taste terror the way you delight in its visiting of others. I got my hit list, got names to cross off - yeh, you who admire Brady as the quintessential sensualist, I wanna see you fucked every which way, yr skull stoved in w/ a ballpeen hammer - LAWWWD! methinks a daemon just got inside a me. But, fuck, sometimes I get 'kin crazy w/ some of the cunts surfing the 666 wave - specially the power 'n' domination gang. *it all comes down to control* . . . yeh, but what kinda sad scumfuck craves power over the masses anyway? Gimme freedom over power any day - for one thing, power entails responsibility, even if only to yself, and I've been in perpetual flight from responsibility for 28 years and the last thing I need is to **become fate**, 'cause the absolute power the P+D gang drool about'll bring you exactly that. You **become fate** - a hideous existence, pal . . . rilly set up A. Hitler good, yeah? Rilly benefited from that game.

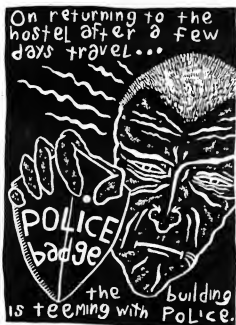
But you guessed it, didn't you? Behind this veil of spleen, what really grits my glans is that the 666ers take themselves so **damn serious**. Mean, yeh, we can see the walls of the outhouse known as W. Civilisation start to crumble, smell the stench of cracked plumbing and, sure, I can read the signs, even crossreference you from the Big Book if you wants, the whole Revelations Mark O' The

Beast shebang ('cause I tried it for laffs, screwed out of box one night on mushrooms) and, uh-huh, I'm sure my vision of the inferno's as funky as yrs. Yep, we are going down for the count, no messing, and, yes, it kinda gets you right **there** to realize our Civilization's proved just as transient as the Egyptians/Azecs/Atlanteans, but hey, what the hell – we all gotta go sometime, right? Might as well be within the next 100 years as whenever, yeah? So crack open the medicine cabinet and party, say I – okay, invoke the dark forces as much as you like, get loose w/ 'Zebub & the Daemon Horde if you will, but c'mon, CRACK A FUCKIN' SMILE ONCE INNA WHILE – don't get me down ya buncha draggases . . . Schadenfreude's one thing but no need to make a **philosophy** outa it, 'kay?

All right, reckon I might as well get down to the nitty-itty-bitty of the whole sermon for this issue . . . There is a word for today & that word is – fuckit, he can't say it, he's choking on it – that word is **humanity**. There, when you come down to it, ain't so hard to say. Yeah, hu-fuckn-manity – & ahhh, feeling better already & I think I know what yr saying now: this the same addled nonce advocated terrorism for fun + profit but a year or so back? Uh-huh, gets the assenting nod from here – but remember what we've been talking bout & pondering 'pon & getting in DEEP from vol 1/1 is the Human Condition™ – ain't that why yr reading HP#7/666 in the 1st place? Oوتا an interest in the HumCon in all its variegated forms is why, not 'cause yr Desperately Seeking Suicide or needing a quickfix of *hur-hur-hur* greasy kek-ed hard-on reading bout the latest chic sexcrime, not 'cause yr on the P+D trip . . .

Civilisation™ is a cesspool, we've been slowly sinking for centuries, but the last 100 years we been starting to taste **shit** on our lips; in the last 50 it's been moiling on our tongue; now – 93 last time I looked – we're starting to swallow & FOR SURE I don't wanna guzzle on turd the rest of my life, insignificant to the point of absurdity tho' it is & you bet I do what I can do to make my way around the nightmare landscape of Podfolk City w/ only minimal contact w/ the enemy ( . . . s'okay to love TV; just be aware it's a virus & therefore yr SICK – as in: ill), I stare into the abyss hereafter known as The Future (no™, the future is currently taking bids from various sponsors) &, lacking any answer save the Obvious I'm gonna stick my dick on some kinda Revelation of Extra-Terrestrial Influence Upon Mankind coming round about the year 2000 theory; yep, gonna stick my neck right out on this one, all the way out till my head gets laffed off my shoulders – huh, he reckons ET's a-coming to save us all! 'Nother fuckn acid casualty! . . . not true &, yeah, why the hell shouldn't David Icke be well + truly **on the planet**, eh? You tell me **that**, m/fucker? 'Cause in an insane world how do you ascertain the aberrant? Who you gonna point a finger at & cry: wrong wrong WRONG! I mean, gimme some pink+white & spare us a coupla hrs of yr time, Guv, and I could probably get you signed up for the 'Hey,ET! How Ya Doin'?' party I got organized 7 years hence – 'kay, so my postulations are grounded in so much heresay & paranoia & conspiracy theories deluxe & too much sitting up at 4 am thinking: what does the 70% of my brain I never use actually DO? Why is it there? What is that

Silent Lady Jay Taylor



potentially near-infinite mind capacity **waiting** for? CLICK! Yeh, it's waiting for the Revelation that God does walk-ons in Spielberg movies (oh, by the way, *he's* part of it . . .) and , having seen us fuck up bigtime, now he's gonna unleash that dormant 70% & elevate us to a higher level of consciousness just in time – like inna potboiler thriller where the timebomb stops ticking at 0.00001 seconds . . . Ohhhh, do I wish –

Amid the babble there's something only half-malformed oozing out & that's the demand to know how come the 666ers know all the bloody answers? Whether or not yr getting regular mailshots from Abaddon, who's to say the daemon horde knows it all? How can you, after all, trust the devil? You made a pact w/ him, but yr **still** getting hauled up for not paying yr Poll Tax, still stuck w/ the dumbass job, still not getting laid – I mean, whenever you read of some pretty darn snazzy Satanic killing, the perp is **always** some zero of a punch press operator w/ halitosis & bad skin & 0% chance of getting laid . . . some fuckin deal you got **there**, Satan ol' buddy – no power over mortals (i.e. women); no riches unbounded, no gratification of the senses . . . bum deal; at least Faust got a guided tour of Mephistopheles' weekend retreat included in the price of Damnation Eternal . . .

666? It's how you make it, pal; it's how you want it to be – it's adaptable, you can have it free-standing in the corner of yr bedroom or put it in yr head & let it roam riot outside every FW Woolworth in the land.  $666 = 6+6+6 = 18$  and **THAT'S** the # of kills Dahmer claims (give or take a few) . . . or maybe  $6 \times 66 = 396$  then  $3+6+9 = 18$

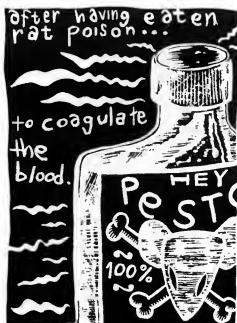


AGAIN which was a movie starring George Burns who must be (somewhere in the region of) 99 thus  $9+9 =$  funtime for **really** jaded apocalyptic-inclined Schadenfreude junkies w/ nothing better to do than **WASTE MY TIME** on theories and 'evidence' so damn **twat** they're insulting, easy meat for the lazy lardass P+D gang to whack off to between dribbling over Goebbels' *rilly neat* uniform & the *aesthetic significance* of the death camps

Oh, & didn't George Burns once play **GOD**? The **POINT** is that, for every 666 there's another apocalyptic/revelatory/cataclysmic theory no more or less lacking in a million cast-iron chunks of evidence – the Waco Wunderkind, the End of the World Seoul Brothers, a meteorite's gonna slam dunk us inna the Void in, er, a couple weeks time . . . ? You picks yr Apocalypse off the shelf these days, you lives w/ yr belief as long as you wanna.

Satanpower? Nein Danke, for corruption is a personal thing in that we each can opt for our own degrees of degradation; we can sink to whatever levels of depravity we desire off our own back; steer ourselves on to the rocks of oblivion under our own steam; we can crash & burn, roll over and play dead till it stinks something rank . . . – And do it with pride, the pride that comes from being able to look yr own corpse in the eye & say: "No, Satan **didn't** make me do it, fucker – I made this one myself."

The stench of human corruption is all our own work – if you experience it, don't try ringing for assistance. Oh, and what, by the way, do you get if you invert 999? **DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!**



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# the Devil himself

## In search of the 'real' Yorkshire Ripper

David Kerekes

On 22 May 1981, Peter Sutcliffe was sentenced at the Old Bailey to life imprisonment. For more than five years, the former gravedigger and lorry driver had held the North of England in a grip of fear, murdering 13 women and attacking at least seven others. Indeed, the savagery of the attacks and the manner in which the victims bodies had been mutilated, landed the killer with the moniker 'the Yorkshire Ripper'. The crimes led to the biggest manhunt in British history and the hoax 'Ripper' tape – taunting messages supposedly from the killer to the police – the greatest wild-goose chase in the history of crime. The police never found the perpetrator of the hoax tapes. One man, however, claims to know who was responsible, indeed he believes that it wasn't a hoaxer at all, but the *Yorkshire Ripper himself*.

Noel O'Gara holds fast his belief that Peter Sutcliffe was but a copy-cat killer, who, victim-for-victim, attempted to 'better' the Ripper. The *real* Ripper.

For over a decade O'Gara has been trying to convince authorities that this cunning, scheming, vicious and powerful man, a man "much more than evil . . . the devil himself," the real Yorkshire Ripper, is still at large. "The Ripper murders still go on, but the police can't say the Ripper did them because he's supposed to be locked up." His story is a strange and naggingly insistent one.

It's mid-August 1983. A small group of people are gathered in the Prince of Wales Hotel, Athlone in Ireland. Included in their number are Police Sergeant McGuinness, plain clothes officers, and a news reporter. At 11.30pm, the stocky, bearded, well-dressed man seated, begins on the statement before him: "I, William Toole, aged 44, of 72 L- ---, Clara, Co. Offaly, confess to the murders of the following women: McCann, Harrison, Jackson, Richardson, Atkinson, MacDonald, Rytka, Millward, Whitaker, Leach.

I have done the business on them. I have murdered them." Shortly after midnight, he concludes: "*I confess that I am the real Yorkshire Ripper.*" An audio cassette and video camera are also at hand, recording the event. Bill Toole is then handed cheques to the sum of £60,000 by a bogus *News of the World* reporter. The hotel manager, petrified, refuses Toole's request of a £30 sub. Smelling a rat, Toole goes berserk and demands the signed confession back. He snatches the video off the cameraman. At the same time, Sergeant McGuinness confiscates the audio recording made by the 'newspaper reporter'. However, in the chaos, this tape has been switched and the police Sergeant ends up with Olivia Newton John instead. Once outside, in the hotel car park, Toole reaches into the seat of his pants and pulls from between his buttocks a Stanley knife. He chases the bogus reporter between the parked cars, eventually losing him to the night. The police don't intervene, stating later that they had not seen the blade Toole was brandishing.

This is an incident that occurred two years after Peter Sutcliffe was found guilty of being the Yorkshire Ripper. Noel O'Gara persuaded a friend of his to pose as the news reporter so that he may convince the police, once and for all, that the real Ripper is still at large; his name: Billy Toole. Since November of 1979, when he made an attempt to divulge his suspicions to Detective Chief Inspector Dick Holland (at the time, in command of the Ripper enquiry), O'Gara has met with insurmountable red tape. Indeed, his case might prove ridiculous if the official Ripper enquiry didn't look so bizarre in the first place.

During the hunt for the Ripper, the likelihood that the police also had a copy-cat killer on their hands was made public on a number of occasions. Time and again this was reported by the press and the police. The hunt dragged on. CID detectives laughed when O'Gara confronted them

with his suspicions that the Ripper was an Irishman travelling to and from England to commit the grisly deeds. However, an Irishman was seen at several of the murder scenes and his description was consistent with the man O'Gara suspected. In telephone conversations – all of which he duly taped – O'Gara presented police with inconsistencies in the case they couldn't refute; nor would they deny that Toole hadn't already been placed under investigation.

It all started in the early months of 1976, following the discovery of the body of Emily Jackson, a housewife who had turned to prostitution, murdered on the night of 20 January 1976. The police likened her murder to that of another prostitute, Wilma McCann, whose body was found dumped in a Leeds playing field some 11 weeks earlier, 30 October 1975. Both women had been killed with massive hammer blows to the head, their corpses then stabbed repeatedly about the chest and stomach.

Many victims followed, bearing the same *modus operandi*. On 9 October 1977, a 20-year-old prostitute by the name of Jean Jordan (alias Royle) was found in the Southern Cross Cemetery in Moss Side, Manchester. Jordan had actually been murdered on 1 October and lain undetected for a week, during which time the killer had returned and dragged the corpse from a hedge to better expose it. The Manchester police revealed that they did not consider her to be a victim of the Ripper. But a brand new £5 note on her person led their inquiries to Yorkshire and, eventually, to Peter Sutcliffe.

On 2 November, Sutcliffe was questioned by police. Firm alibies were provided by his mother and his wife, Sonia. Several days later, he was questioned again.

On 14 December 1977, Marilyn Moore, soliciting

in Chapeltown, Leeds, got in the car of a bearded man who called himself "Dave." He refused to hand over any money and she got out. He then struck her a blow to the head with a hammer and fled. Moore survived the attack and gave police a description of Peter Sutcliffe.

*"My name is Noel O'Gara. I was born in Ireland in 1944. I emigrated to London when I was 19 and there I studied and qualified as a Certified Accountant. I returned to Ireland in 1970 and commenced my own business which proved to be a success. However, my first love was farming, and in 1977 I purchased a large country house in the midlands of Ireland on 60 acres of land. I used to*

*attend furniture auctions in an effort to find suitable furniture for my house. It was at one of these auctions, in May 1978, that I met Billy Toole. Toole was well dressed, witty and likeable. He appeared to know a lot about antiques and, as I knew little or nothing about him, I took him at face value. I told him that I intended to operate a bed and breakfast business in my house. He told me that he had had a lot of experience with that in England, and offered the services of both himself and his wife if ever I needed any help.*

*Toole was uneducated but articulate. He was intelligent and obliging. His most obvious characteristic to someone who didn't know him was his incredible wit – he could have the whole room in stitches laughing all day long. He was always spotlessly clean and immaculately dressed, always finished with a silk hanky and a rosebud. He wore a large wedding band and he frequently wore a half sovereign gold ring which would be set on a very ostentatious ring mount. His dress was finished with an antique silver-topped cane. . . . About a week after meeting him at the auction, I hired him to help me sort out some furnishings I had bought. He used to stay in my house overnight, and I would leave him*

## MISCARRIAGES OF JUSTICE

FOR 16 YEARS JUDITH WARD WAS OFFICIALLY A MASS KILLER.

FOR 16 YEARS STEFAN KINZKO WAS OFFICIALLY A SEX KILLER.

FOR 12 YEARS PETER SUTCLIFFE IS OFFICIALLY THE RIPPER

To the police

To his family

"It's me, I'm the Yorkshire Ripper."

"I didn't do them all."

"I'm glad it's all over."

"I want to tell Sonia."

"Yes, it's me luv, I'm the Ripper."

PETER SUTCLIFFE



THE COPY-CAT RIPPER

TRUE FACTS

"I can't believe it was me."

"Tell them all I'm sorry."

"There's a copy-cat killer at large."

"I thought they'd never get me."

"It didn't ring true, that I'm the Ripper."

"That isn't me at all."

"I didn't really rip them."

One of Noel O'Gara's flyers. His mail-out also includes a 'Get the REAL Ripper' bumper sticker.

home at the weekends or sometimes mid-week. He lived in Clara Co. Offaly with his wife in a three-bedroomed semi-detached house. It was a brand new council estate and the neighbours there were all new to one another.

"I found him to be extremely resourceful, imaginative and very loyal. Toole went out of his way to impress me. He didn't tell me that he had a criminal record until much later... He was hyperactive, always. He was forever anxious to be out and about mixing with people, and chasing women.

"He showed a keen interest in women right from the start of our relationship, and I took it as a lot of hot air. But as the weeks and months went by, his talk about sex and sexual fantasies became more and more obnoxious...

He slowly began to reveal his past history to me, until, after six months, I began to feel quite uneasy about this remarkable man."

Assistant Chief Constable George Oldfield received a letter, postmarked 8 March 1978 Sunderland, from somebody signing himself 'Jack the Ripper'. A single reference prevented the police from dismissing the letter as a prank. The official Ripper body count to date was down as seven; the letter writer claimed eight "... remember Preston [1975, get about you know." Police had already noted similarities between the murder of prostitute Joan Harrison in Preston, 20 November 1975, with those now associated to the Ripper.

More murders followed, including that of Yvonne Pearson, 22, whose body was dumped on derelict land off Lumb Lane, Bradford, 21 January 1978. But Pearson's body wouldn't be found until 26 March, after the killer had returned and dragged her body out from under an abandoned sofa.

On 13 August 1978, Peter Sutcliffe was again interviewed by police. This time in connection with the frequency in which his car had been seen cruising Bradford and Leeds red light districts. On 23 November, Sutcliffe was interviewed a fourth time. Now the tyres of his car were examined to see whether they matched those tracks found at the scene of Irene Richardson's murder, some 21 months previous in February of 1977. The tyres had been replaced.

"In October, 1978, I took Toole on a business trip to Amsterdam for a few days. He had earlier introduced me to the world of prostitution in the massage parlours in Dublin. He was very familiar with all of them, including other prostitutes that he knew from private residences. In Amsterdam, he couldn't wait to get to the red light district... he bought a large quantity of hash which he put into a condom and stuffed up his backside for the flight. He was absolutely calm going through customs.

"In Christmas 1978, I took him on holiday to the Canary Islands. While I was anxious to stay on the beaches, Toole couldn't wait to get to the Las Palmas red light district. He took me there once. It's a rare thing for

a foreign tourist to go to there, but when Toole got into the taxi at Las Palmas central, he wasn't very long in giving the taxi driver directions... even though he couldn't speak a word of Spanish... Toole had a magic about him that was very, very black. He laughed as he sent postcards from the Canary islands to the policeman that he knew, with 'wish you were here' messages."

George Oldfield received a third letter from 'Jack the Ripper', dated 23 March 1979. On 4 April, Josephine Anne Whitaker, a 19-year-old employee at a building society, was murdered in Halifax. On 17 June 1979, a small package was posted from Sunderland, addressed to Oldfield. Handwriting experts confirmed that it was penned by the author of the previous three letters. Instead of a penned note however, this time the Assistant Chief Constable was presented with an audio cassette. A voice on the tape spoke in a cold, emotiveless 'Geordie' accent. "I'm Jack," it began. "I see you are still having no luck catching me." Further taunts concluded with an excerpt of a pop song by Andrew Gold. *Thank You for Being a Friend*. Saliva used to lick the envelopes was ascertained as belonging to the rare blood group B, found only in six percent of the population.

Sutcliffe – blood type 'O' – was interviewed again with regard the regularity his car was seen in the murder zones. Twenty-ninth July 1979.

"I finally managed to terminate Toole's employment with me about the end of July 1979.

"On Monday the 13th of November 1979, I sat down after a busy day to read the previous day's Sunday Telegraph. It contained a large – almost full-page – article about the 'Yorkshire Ripper'... This article contained a psychological profile of the type of man the Ripper was. It portrayed the picture of a murderer – mainly of prostitutes – somebody cunning, evil, who appeared to be a police-hater because of the letters and the tape-recording that he had sent to the police. A psychiatrist gave a psychological profile on him and stated that the man would most likely be able to have a relationship with a dog or a pet, but would be unable to have a normal human relationship... The portrait that the newspaper article painted of the Ripper, encapsulated Billy Toole. It was like a huge jigsaw puzzle. With Toole's name in the frame, all the pieces suddenly fitted into place. He was the only man who could do it... His philosophy 'you get it when you least expect it' came back to my mind in a flash when I looked at the victims' faces.

"In the article, the police suggested that the Ripper's motive was some hatred he had for prostitutes, but I could see Toole's motive far better as being a hatred for the police, and the prostitutes were just easy meat.

"The handwriting samples given in the newspaper article closely resembled the few samples of Toole's writing that I had in my possession. I put a lot of effort

into trying to retrace Toole's footsteps on the 4th of April 1979, because that date was the only Ripper murder that was committed while Toole was in my employment. Bearing in mind that the murder before that was committed just two weeks before he commenced working for me, and the murder after Whitaker was committed about two months after he had left my employment. Toole and I were away on business on the 4th April, and we returned to my house at about three o'clock in the afternoon. There had been some friction between me and him in those early months of 1979, because I didn't want him in my employment anymore, and he knew it. But he wouldn't just walk out and leave, and I didn't have the nerve to sack him.

he would never give me an excuse to do that. The 4th of April had been a particularly hectic and heated atmosphere. When we got back to the house it was discovered that the bitch had pups earlier that day. I was in a very bad mood and ordered Toole to drown them. Toole didn't want to drown the pups because he was crazy about the bitch. Looking back at it now, I was probably hoping that he'd walk out and curse me before he drowned the pups. It would have been a great excuse for me to get rid of him, but Toole didn't do that. He went down to the basement, gathered the pups into a plastic bag, and stormed out of the house in his pin-striped suit. It was around 4pm. He was with me on the job around noon the next day as if nothing had happened. I later established that one flight had left Dublin airport for Manchester at 7pm that evening. I couldn't get a passenger list, but he could well have used an alias anyway... I realised that getting to Yorkshire for Billy Toole was as easy as going to Cork. He didn't need a passport to get to England. He frequently used to stay at my house at that time, and if I could have established that he stayed there that night, I would have been a very relieved man."

Barbara Leach, a 20-year-old Leeds University student was attacked and killed in Bradford on 1 September 1979. On 23 October 1979, Sutcliffe was interviewed again with regard frequenting red light districts. He explained he had to travel through those areas to get to work. In January 1980, Sutcliffe was interviewed twice more.

On 29 November, Trevor Birdsall walked into Bradford Police Station and named his good friend, Peter Sutcliffe, as being the Ripper. Like an anonymous letter Birdsall had posted to police weeks earlier, this tip-off was not acted upon.

Sutcliffe drove to Sheffield on the evening of 2 January 1981. There, he picked up a prostitute. Two police officers on routine patrol recognised the woman and, expecting to make a vice arrest, stopped the vehicle. Sutcliffe had attached false number plates to his car and the police took him in under suspicion of theft. He later confessed to being the Yorkshire Ripper.

In 1987, Noel O'Gara released a set of four C90 audio

cassettes containing conversations he had had with Billy Toole, the man he believes to be the Yorkshire Ripper. For the most part, the dialogues take place in a pub, recorded surreptitiously by O'Gara. The tapes – which "didn't sell very well... far too advanced" – were transcribed and published by the author himself in 1989. The resultant tome, *The Real Yorkshire Ripper Revealed*, is a dizzying descent into the maelstrom. The prose is quirky (Sutcliffe drives a "square shaped" car), often misspelled and grammatically incorrect, but the 144 pages make for devastating reading. Indeed, rare is the book that manages to grip the attention and imagination so. It isn't difficult to see, however, how prospective publishers ultimately decided against putting the book out – it is a libel nightmare, naming names and giving the odd address. For O'Gara, that isn't the issue – "The whole thing should be in the public arena because [the public] are the ones who pay, some with their lives."

Early on, O'Gara illustrates Toole's power over people; how he manages to convince people to do most anything. "It was absolutely unbelievable but true the accuracy with which he portrayed his ideas of what was on other people's minds. He paraded an assortment of strange people up to my house. On one occasion, he arrived with a 79-year-old homosexual cleric who had just said service earlier that Sunday. One week later, he arrived with the same cleric accompanied by a Church of England bishop. While Toole told me about their sex habits, I was amazed to hear them admit it in front of my very eyes." On yet another occasion, Toole arrives with a nun whom he persuades to masturbate him. O'Gara also claims Toole has a knack for mimicking voices. Of course, around the time George Oldfield received the first of the Ripper tapes, the Irishman was seen to be "experimenting" with a new tape recorder.

O'Gara refers to Peter Sutcliffe as a copy-cat killer. He claims that Sutcliffe – who had assaulted lone females in 1975 and 1976 – was drawn into the Ripper murders on 5 February 1977, when the (real) Ripper slaughtered Irene Richardson in the same Leeds park Sutcliffe had previously assaulted a girl. "Sutcliffe got the message" and retaliated with tit-for-tat murders of his own. "[Sutcliffe] was a very disturbed and intense man. His marriage to Sonia proved to be a disaster. He turned to hating women... He wanted to be arrested as the Ripper. Massive publicity accompanied the Ripper's brutal murders. Little or none was attached to his. Sutcliffe conducted his operations openly, with his car parked on a busy motorway. He was hoping to be caught on the job as the Yorkshire Ripper..." With regard Jean Jordan: "Six days later, [Sutcliffe] returned to the scene of the crime a second time and deposited Jean Jordan's handbag, which he had held in his possession. This time, he placed a brand new £5 note in it, hoping it would bring the police to his door..."

While searching Toole's room, O'Gara discovers



a business card for a Manchester photographers, the back of which is inscribed '13th of August - ten days'. *"This was the first solid piece of evidence that I had, which put Toole firmly in the North of England at the precise time of one of the murders. It indicated to me that he had his photograph taken on 13 August, and perhaps intended to return in 10 days. That would be about 23 August. Barbara Leach was murdered one week later on 1 September."* O'Gara phones the police with his discovery and is told it proves nothing. *"But it proved an awful lot to me. It proved that the man I said was the Yorkshire Ripper, who was living in Ireland and had no obvious or visible connections with England, a foreign country, had visited the North of England - a country he was deported from four times at least - within days of the last murder."*

O'Gara succeeds in obtaining Toole's criminal record from a friend on the force, one passage of which is underlined and reads: 'Toole is a dangerous individual and any officer having contact with him should treat him with the utmost caution. Deadly dangerous.'

*"The Yorkshire police wanted Billy Toole very badly. So badly in fact that they were willing to leave Peter Sutcliffe scot free, until after Toole's capture."* A stocky, bearded Irishman was seen at several of the murder scenes. Indeed early police photofits bear a remarkable resemblance to Toole.

Toole enters the Portlaoise Mental Home on 24 April 1980, as a voluntary patient, where he stays for five days. A very convenient insurance policy, notes O'Gara. In June of 1980, he attacks a man in his home, striking him on the back of the head with a hammer.

A section of O'Gara's book is given over to statements made by Peter Bracken, a neighbour who became acquainted with Toole. Bracken explains how, during 1979, Toole would bang on his door every morning, yelling 'Peter, Peter, get up quick, the Ripper is on' and drag him over to his house to watch the news. "All the neighbours would hear him," says Bracken, "and I felt very embarrassed over this, because I was not interested in the Ripper or the hunt for the Ripper. . . He smoked hash. He loved the hash. He told me that it made the news bulletins more exciting." Bracken notes how Toole would degrade his wife and, occasionally, visitors by getting them to hold a basin while he urinated into it. Toole muscled in on Bracken's life, telling him how to raise his kids, who to hang around with, convincing him to commit a robbery. Following the theft of a number of cheques, Bracken was astonished to overhear Toole grassing him up to the police. "Toole had actually set up the crime . . . He gave me a flashlight and rubber gloves to wear."

Under such "mental pressure," Bracken snapped. Aware that police were investigating Toole as a suspect in the Yorkshire Ripper case, having already questioned Bracken about the gap in Toole's teeth, his tattoos, scars, and gold rings, Bracken called Toole "You fucking

Ripper." Toole responded by beating the man senseless. In 1983, he attacked Bracken again, waiting for him in the toilets of Careys Pub in Clara. "I was afraid to go anywhere on my own at this stage," says Bracken, "so I kept the company of my brothers . . . On seeing [Toole] there I was afraid to go in but my brother Gerard said, 'Don't mind him. Use the toilet if you want to go.'" Toole stuck a Stanley knife in Bracken's right side, dragging the blade down. Gerard attempted to pull Toole away but was sliced across his shoulders. Another man, who was in the toilets, was stabbed also. "Toole was like a madman. His eyes were bulging and froth was coming out of his mouth . . . I cannot remember everything that took place in there because I was shocked. I could see my bones and I started to bend up with pain immediately."

*"In June of 1983, I met an Englishman, David Williams. Williams came to stay at my house as a guest. I told him the story about the Ripper and he took a keen interest. When we heard of the attack by Toole on three men in Clara, we went to Clara at night and met Peter Bracken, who was living in his brother's home in obvious fear of Billy Toole. The Brackens had pitch forks and iron bars ready near the door, which was a light glass-panelled door. I knew that if Toole wanted to get Bracken really badly he wouldn't knock on the door, he'd come through it head first. Bracken told me how he called Toole the Ripper and he attacked him . . . We knew then that Toole was aware of the allegations. I persuaded Williams to pose as a News of the World reporter and offer Toole a substantial sum of money in return for his full confession, in the belief that the police would be forced to act if we had such a confession . . . We considered that at the very least they couldn't ignore a confession to the Joan Harrison murder in Preston, which was an unsolved murder."*

Following his confession, and due to appear in court on 2 October 1984 charged with Peter Bracken's stabbing, Billy Toole fled. O'Gara believes he is currently in mainland Britain. In a recent letter to *Headpress*, O'Gara enclosed several newspaper clippings. One of them, headed "'Prostitutes go in fear of London 'ripper'," reports the murder of a young woman, and that her killer - a heavily bearded man - may have also been responsible for a string of violent attacks on prostitutes in the area. The photofit looks like Billy Toole.

The name Billy Toole is fictitious. Noel O'Gara doesn't pull such punches however, and his book *The Real Yorkshire Ripper Revealed* comes highly recommended (possibly even signed by the author). A snip at \$5. The four cassettes - somewhat garbled - are £10, p+p included. You'll be hard-pushed to find these in any shop, so write Noel O'Gara, Ballinahowen, Athlone, Ireland.



# Enema Nurses and Bondage in New Zealand

Peter Hassall

*"We can make this take as long as we like . . .  
it's all overtime to us."*

These are the words of a police officer doing his best to make New Zealand a country safe for decent, God-fearing folk, while 'assisting' four customs officers in a search of my home.

The crime?

Over the period of about seven months I had imported some softcore sex magazines for review in a future 'Special Strange Sex' issue of *Killer Kung-Fu Enema Nurses On Crack*.

Of the publications seized, two were enema titles (one called *Enema Nurses*), an instruction book on enemas, women wrestling, and a couple of bondage titles. There were no magazines depicting hardcore sex, bestiality, science fiction fandom, shit-eating, or similar perversions.

With amazing accuracy, Customs had seized all the parcels.

Oddly, they also seized an issue of *Art Zoo* (a bizarre art fanzine I had seen mentioned in *Factsheet Five*), but a separate issue of *Art Zoo* in the same package was released to me. I could see no real difference between the two. The most 'offensive' aspect – a photograph of a bloodily crucified girl's doll – appeared in *both* issues. When I queried this, Customs refused to explain why they thought one issue was indecent and not the other. Much later – after my lawyer demanded all information that Customs had on me under the Official Information Act – I discovered the problem was a one-page letter signed by the Boston Strangler. Whether this was a letter from the real Boston Strangler, or a prank, is not clear.

In any event, the Indecent Publications Tribunal must have been having problems with this one: they picked it up over six months ago and haven't yet issued a decision.

Other curious facts: *Bald Beavers* was one title seized, despite similar titles on the same subject having been passed rated R18 and are freely on sale in NZ adult bookshops. Two wrestling women magazines were released to me, but a third (*Cafighting Co-Eds*) was confiscated. *The Enema - A Training Manual* was also released to me, despite *Enema Nurses* and *Enemates* magazines being seized. *Top Comedy* and *Bottom Burlesque*, another amateur fanzine, was also seized.

The Customs department are not the censoring authority (despite what certain individuals within that department would like to think); they seize material which they consider indecent under the law. In New Zealand, an R16



A lacquered rubber suit made in London and sold for approximately £100 (circa 1974)

rated item (for sex, violence, crime, language, horror, and so forth) would be "indecent in the hands of anybody under 16-years-of-age." Indecent does not have to mean *unconditionally* indecent – that is, banned. Which is why, in order to save 15-year-olds-and-under from having to look at it, a customs inspector can seize any item already rated R16 and refer it to the Indecent Publications Tribunal for a decision – regardless of whether I am 30-years-old and the publication is a single-copy importation for private use.



*Beyond the Furthest Star*

In total, one video and 11 magazines (including the aforementioned amateur zines) were seized by Customs. I did not contest seizure of the video, as it would have cost \$140 simply to get it through the Video Recording Authority (who would censor it anyway). There is no charge for magazine and book censorship, but progress through the Indecent Publications Tribunal (IPT from now on) is numbingly slow.

In order to secure a warrant to search my home, this figure – of one video and 11 magazines – was inflated

to "31 documents" with the inclusion of leaflets contained in the packages (which I had not ordered).

At the time my house was searched, the IPT had only passed a decision on four of the magazines (the three bondage titles and *Top Comedy and Bottom Burlesque*).

Some time before 6pm on 10 May, 1990, I was trudging wearily home. It was already dark as mid-winter and the street lighting was dim. As I made my way down my street, I spied a group of people standing in the road just outside my house. At first I thought they were leaving a neighbour's house (students live next door), but as I got closer, they began to move toward me. My first thought was that I was in for a mugging! While frantically attempting to recall how Bruce Lee would have handled such a situation, a badge and search warrant were flashed before me. Senior Customs Officer, it read, though none of the men were in uniform.

My wife was there as well. She had arrived home just ahead of me in her company car. The following day, so not to upset me, she told me that she had been approached as she was parking, and ordered to get out of the car. No identification was shown to her. As there was one female customs officer involved in the group, I was astonished to hear that it had been a male officer behaving in this potentially threatening manner (towards a woman alone at night).

After letting the five officers inside my house, they split up and proceeded to search separate rooms simultaneously. I immediately queried this and one of them jumped down my throat, demanding to know whether by this remark I was implying they would plant things. Nothing of the sort; I merely wished to overlook the search and ensure that nothing was damaged or messed up – which it duly was. His manner was particularly threatening. A tense stand-off ensued, finally broken when I agreed to a suggestion by the Senior Customs Officer: that they could get out of the house quicker if they searched several rooms at once.

I later discovered that the person I had trouble with was a police officer assisting Customs in their search.

Following renovation work, most all of our possessions were still boxed. The search fell just short of two hours, in which 39 magazines and leaflets were removed. Hardly any of which could be described as explicit; several being fanzines. These included *Beyond the Furthest Star* – short stories of the *Star Trek* characters in sexual situations – and the film zine *SubHuman*. The latter was returned when customs officers decided it wasn't indecent and therefore did not require submitting to the IPT.

Following the search, almost a year to the day, I received verdict on the majority of the publications confiscated. The report opens with the statement: "The delay in issuing this decision is regretted." Their judgement is as follows:

*Body Art* issues #2 - #5 are Not Indecent. Unlike the American *Piercing Fans International Quarterly* (which is banned) "there are no photographs showing piercings being performed and there are no extreme genital close-up photos. No information on how to perform body piercing is given. Readers are advised to contact the American Practitioners and magazines for such information."

"Many of the photographs and articles in these magazines are of a non-sexual nature. The photographs and layout are an extremely high standard. The text is literate and informative . . . In view of the restrained nature and the overall high standard of presentation of the materials in these publications the Tribunal classifies them as not indecent."

*Dressing For Pleasure* issues #1 - #5 are R16, while issue #6 is R18.

"It is common ground that the only possible objectionable aspect of the DP magazine is the few cartoons or photos featuring aspects of domination. They are a minor aspect of the magazine as a whole, are presented in a tongue-in-cheek fashion and are not shown in a sexual or violent context. As such they are not of great concern to the Tribunal. We agree with Mr. Hassall that DP displays an honest purpose and an honest thread of thought. Its dominant purpose appears to be informative rather than titillative of those interested in its subject matter . . . the sexual overtones in #6 are stronger than in the previous five [because of] an advertisement for enema equipment on page 27 together with a photograph of a female model with a whip on page 26."

*Bizarre Comix* #22, *Bondage Erotica* #2, and *Ukiyo X* #1 - #3 are banned.

*Bondage Erotica* is described as "grossly offensive in its depictions of partly naked mostly female models, bound and gagged in a variety of captive poses emphasising bondage and discipline. One of our number who has been a member of the Tribunal for quite some time remarked that this publication, of its kind, was the worst she had seen during her membership."

In fact, *Games That People Play/The Devil In Me*, a double-feature tape available for hire at United Video in Courtenay Place, Wellington, is much stronger. And the pictures move! Hear the man scream as he is branded with a hot iron. Rated R18 by the Video Recording Authority.

*Ukiyo X* is a small press art magazine drawn by Michael Manning (as advertised in *Factsheet Five*). "All three magazines, to a greater or lesser extent, feature excessively explicit sexual activity including, but not limited to intercourse, vaginal, anal and oral penetration, ejaculation, fellatio, cunnilingus, multiple model explicit sexual activity, bondage and domination. Issue no. 2 shows a female model in the act of copulation with a dog and later in this publication there is an episode of anal fisting."

The anal 'fisting' is in fact a sketch of a dildo in

a close-up panel of art.

Two bondage magazines and a copy of *Shiny* #28 have been referred to a psychologist for a professional opinion.

No decision has been passed with reference to the *Star Trek*-based *Beyond the Farthest Star* as not all the IPT have read it yet.

While *Piercing Fans International Quarterly* #32 is banned, they've decided I'm a person with a genuine professional interest and can have access to it for an article on body piercing . . . provided I give it back afterwards.

*Art Zoo* (seized in the mail) is banned but has been released "to Peter Hassall only to be used by him for review purposes only."

The author is editor of *Killer Kung-Fu Enema Nurses On Crack*. Copies can be obtained from PO Box 27432, Upper Willis Street, Wellington, New Zealand. This article appeared in a different form in *KENOC* #3.

Available at last! Passed "18" uncut by the BBFC!

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# animal MAGIC

Simon Whitechapel

It would make most people's top five perversions,<sup>1</sup> there are a lot of jokes<sup>2</sup> about it, and it was common enough in Old Testament Judaea, apparently, for God to feel the need to issue stern directives against it. Turn to Leviticus 18:23 and you'll find

*Neither shall thou lie with any beast to defile thyself therewith: neither shall any woman stand before a beast to lie down thereto: it is confusion*

Well, confusing it must be, a lot of the time, to one of the parties at least, but how common is it? Every serious sexual survey finds a small percentage of its surveyees willing to admit to "sex with an animal" but this particular practice is probably at the top of the list of those suffering from under-reporting - not to mention the fact that no sex survey is going to get a response from some of those most intimately involved. So, though it goes on, it doesn't get much publicity. Will this change? Ten years ago, 'child abuse' meant 'child beating'; today, thanks to some questionable social engineering, that is a secondary meaning. I've often wondered if a similar change might not one day occur to the term 'animal abuse', and harrowing tales of bugged puppies and cockatoos trained to perform fellatio enter publicity material for the RSPCA. Almost certainly, though, this change won't occur: the media is always going to find it easier to pretend that sexual activity involving animals, abusive or otherwise, just doesn't happen, simply because it will always remain too disgusting to contemplate for the vast majority of the public.

This may be because the vast majority of the public is urban. Anti-blood sports campaigners are often accused of being out of touch with country ways, but does the same argument apply to the repugnance with which

*Homo sapiens urbanus* regards bestiality? Quite possibly yes. If you look upon animals as pets, you're almost certain to be more averse to dipping your wick in them than someone who regards them in the cold, clear, unsentimental light of commercialism. Most of the rare stories about bestiality that filter into the press have a rural setting and all of the races to whom zoophilic tendencies are traditionally ascribed - the Welsh, the New Zealanders, the Arabs - have, historically at least, a culture based around some form of herding. Or perhaps it isn't so much the inclination that's missing in urban man as the opportunity.

And not all religions have attached the opprobrium to the dirty deed seen in the extract from the Bible above. Hinduism, for example, a group of religions containing every conceivable form of philosophical and sexual





attitude, goes so far as to bless the crossing of the species barrier. As usual, the privilege isn't for everyone, but if you happen to be a *sadhu*, or Hindu hermit, at a loss as how to while away the time hanging heavily on your hands between yoga sessions in the Himalayas, the flesh of passing beasts maybe forbidden to you, but their orifices ain't necessarily so. I can still remember my shock at unearthing, in a random dip into a translation of the vast Hindu religious epic *The Mahabharata*, the tale of a *sadhu* cursing a hunter who shot him *in medias res* with a forest deer. The curse, with apparent divine approval, worked, and my eurocentric morals rocked a little on their foundations.

But stories along the same lines can be found closer to home. It's surprising what you can find in Greek mythology if you look hard enough; bestiality isn't one of them, though, because you don't have to look very hard. They're myths, of course, and so the usual religious cop-outs about symbolism and metaphor apply, but it's still instructive to not how they conform to the voyeuristic male fantasies embodied in contemporary pornography: that is, they're woman-with-animal rather than man-with-animal (a possible exception to this formula, that of Ganymede and the Eagle, could be seen as catering for the homosexual end of the market). Two of the best-known animal-sex shockers – Leda and the Swan and Europa and the Bull – are stories of devices adopted by Zeus to circumvent the jealousy of Hera and/or the maidenly modesty of the girl in question; a less well-known union (certainly less well-known than its product, the Minotaur) is that of Pasiphaë, wife of Cretan King Minos, and a bull that was, for once, not Zeus in disguise. Falling in love with the bull under the

influence of Poseidon, who was offended that it had not been sacrificed to him, Pasiphaë, in the words of Robert Graves

confided her unnatural passion to Daedalus, the famous Athenian craftsman

who duly obliged her with a comfortably upholstered hollow wooden cow in which she was able to receive the attentions of the bull.

The earthiness of the story offended the sensibilities of some Greeks, who preferred to believe she had had an affair, not with a bull, but with a man whose name, *Taurus*, meant 'bull'; it's perhaps not surprising to learn that the

Romans, far from finding the story distasteful, actually used it as a source material in sex displays laid on in the infamous gladiatorial games.

Or so the story goes. Some of these are related in *Those About to Die*, a rollicking mini-history of the Roman Games that, despite a first publishing date of 1958, contains enough unpleasanties to be worthy of the attention of any fan of the Headpress *weltanschauung*.

The author of the book, Daniel P. Mannix, attributes the invention of this particular refinement of the games to Carphorus, an imaginary figure combining the attributes of real animal trainers described in Roman history. Collecting the menstrual blood of various species on soft clothes, Carphorus trained males of the species in question to penetrate human females through a kind of olfactory legerdemain, and refined his techniques until he was able to lay on hitherto unknown spectacles in the arena. Mannix remarks dryly,

No one had ever dreamed of having lions, leopards, wild boars and zebra rape women. The Romans were especially fond of acting out mythological scenes in the shows – under Carphorus' direction, a bull raped a young girl representing Europa to great applause.<sup>3</sup>

Elsewhere, he describes how

Chimpanzees were made drunk on wine and then encouraged to rape girls tied to stakes

Which, in the purely sexual sense, is not necessarily the ordeal it sounds – the largest penis amongst the primates is, believe it or not, that possessed by *Homo sapiens*; on the other grounds – chimpanzees are extremely strong and more than capable of dislocating (or even wrenching off) human limbs – the spectacle undoubtedly satisfied the bloodlust of the Roman crowd

This does, however, in the context of somewhat more consensual animal-human sex, raise the question of exactly what the zoophilic looks for in his or her partner. Women to whom size was indeed important would undoubtedly look to the various forms of *Equus* species, man seeking reasonably amenable orifices seem to have looked over the centuries to *Ovis* and *Capra*; hence the traditional women-with-donkeys and men-with-goats of animal porn (a reversal of this tradition pattern is found in Satanism: see the accompanying illustration of the Goat of Medes getting his end away with an unwilling female worshipper; "yauld-swiver" = "mare-shagger" was a fairly common sixteenth-century insult). In Fred Chas Forberg's *De Figuris Venens: Manual of Classical Erotology*, the short chapter on bestiality includes the comment

In our countries legal cases show that not only goats, but also sheep, cows and mares, have sometimes charmed shepherds and other people of low breeding.

Perhaps through lack of availability, perhaps because they are not quite different enough to supply the necessary *frisson* so essential in the practice of perversion, less attention has been paid to man's closest cousins in the Animal Kingdom, the primates. Compensating in some way for this neglect is the fact that they enter an odd episode in the life of one of the most famous sexologists of all time, the Victorian explorer-adventurer Sir Richard Burton

In the Indian army during his earlier career, Burton claimed to grow disgusted with the frivolities of the officer's mess, and set up house with monkeys. A grammar of monkey languages was one of the aims of the exercise, but we are also told in all innocence by Isabel Burton, his



devoutly Catholic wife and biographer

one tiny one, a very pretty, small, silky-looking monkey, he used to call his wife, and put pearls in her ears<sup>4</sup>

Frank McLynn's 1990 biography of Burton, "Snow Upon the Desert", draws the obvious – at least to modern minds – conclusion from this.<sup>5</sup> That this is simply part of the late twentieth-century fashion of prurience-disguised-as-candour might seem, from the evidence presented in the book, a reasonable objection, but there are other sources to draw upon. In later life, Burton was a powerful influence on the flagellophile poet Swinburne, and in 1871, the 18-year-old Guy de Maupassant visited *Chaumière de Dolmance*, a cottage on the Normandy coast where Swinburne was drying out from the effects of alcoholic excess with a friend, George Powell. Wondering at first whether the pair were homosexual, Maupassant eventually concluded that:

if Swinburne and Powell indulged in sex, it was not with each other, but with a pet monkey called Nip, and with a handsome young house-boy<sup>6</sup>

Powell certainly was homosexual; Swinburne certainly, in emulation of his beloved de Sade, liked to promote the idea of his own bisexuality: that they were capable of practising bestiality, at least on an experimental basis, is a strong possibility.<sup>7</sup> The link with Burton becomes explicit in a letter of Swinburne's, in which the poet refers to

that lost love of Burton's, the beloved and blue object of his Central African affections, whose caudal charms and simian seductions were too strong for the narrow laws of Levitical and Mosaic

prudery which would confine the jewel of a man to the lotus of a merely human female by the most odious and unnatural of priestly restrictions

The synonyms used here for 'penis' and 'vagina' are those of the Hindu sex-scripture *Kama Sutra*, whose most famous translator remains Sir Richard Burton: the two undoubtedly devoted much discussion to the topic, but their common fondness for extremely crude humour, *pour épater les bourgeois*, is probably more significant in deciding the truth of their actual indulgence.

In the case of another famous British man of arts, the evidence is far stronger. Fiona MacCarthy's 1989 biography of calligrapher, sculptor and artist Eric Gill records the artist's comparison of his own and spaniel's semen under a microscope, both presumably obtained by masturbation, and notes at one point of his diary:

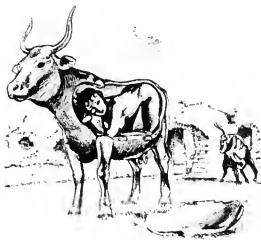
A few weeks later there are more surprising entries. "Expt. with dog in eve" (the rest has been obliterated). Then, five days later, "Bath. Continued experiment with dog after and discovered that a dog will join a man."

It was perhaps unsurprising that Gill's insatiable sexual experimentation, which found material in his own children as much as it did in female visitors to his workshops, should have arrived at a man's best friend.

In the urban setting, dogs are undoubtedly the most readily available and suitable partner for the would-be zoophilic. For penetrative sex, cats are both too small and too generously provided with means of retribution; for oral sex, cats are again excluded on the grounds that their tongues are equipped with harsh spines for fur-cleaning (not to mention their irredeemable carnivorousness and extremely sharp teeth); overall, cats are well-known as poor subjects for training. On all three counts, then, dogs get it in the neck. Or elsewhere, as the case may be.

In fact, it's even possible to speculate that dogs have been bred specifically for sexual purposes. The diminutive Pekinese emerged from the decadence of Chinese Imperialism, in which they were bred to act as winter handwarmers by snuggling inside the muffs of court ladies. Given the predilection of dogs for displays of affection by licking, is there perhaps more to the *double entendre* than might first appear?<sup>10</sup>

Away from domestic species, many others find their fans amongst the zooerastia.<sup>11</sup> but the most exotic animal likely to make an appearance in mainstream "bestiality" is the stripper's python. There are undoubtedly many sexual practices involving some very strange species, but most exotic animal sex is, however, at least in fetishism, based on costume or play-acting:<sup>12</sup> one unusual practice involving a species not often associated with sex



is that known as the *fontaine de jeunesse*, or 'fountain of youth'.

As performed in homosexual Parisian brothels, this involved a youth, either of an especially sensitive nature or brought to the brink of orgasm just beforehand, lying down in a giant basin of water decorated with flowers *et alia* in such a way that only his erect organ was visible. A fly with its wings removed was then placed on his glans penis, and all being well its peregrinations would induce the fountain that gave the display its name.<sup>13</sup>

The voyeurism of such a display is found in much bestiality, at least as performed for the porn market; in much more, this deviation is undoubtedly practised for want of a better object of affection, as in pseudo-homosexuality of public schools and armies: among the world-famous erotic tableaux of India's Khajuraho temple complex is a group depicting soldiers positioning a horse for entry by one of their number, and today British Army Regulations explicitly forbid bestiality. For the extreme sadist, animals are a relatively safe target, either as an end in themselves or as a stepping stone to bigger and better things: Peter Kurten, "The Butcher of Dusseldorf", whetted his adolescent psychopathic appetites by buggering a sheep and stabbing it as he reached orgasm, years of cattle mutilations, often involving the genitals, recorded in America have now found a British equivalent in the widely reported series of sadistic sexual attacks on horses, principally in the south of England, and usually involving some "blunt instrument thrust into the vagina of a mare"<sup>14</sup> The sexual abuse-cum-slaughter of animals recorded in 'Satanic abuse', if of doubtful reality at present, will probably make an appearance in response to the diatribes of fundamentalist Christians (just as orthodox Satanism, it could be argued, grew out of the perverted sexual fantasies of medieval clerics).

Most zoophiliacs would probably regard *this* sort of thing with the same horror with which it is regarded by



the average 'decent' member of society. Indeed, despite one's gut reaction to simply the *notion* of sex with an animal, it's difficult to argue that it should be accorded the same opprobrium as perversion like rape or lust-murder, which involve the definite non-consent of one partner. Despite this, there are, as yet, no widely known pressure groups or clubs exclusively campaigning for the legalization of bestiality or disseminating information on its practice, as there are, or have been, for paedophilia (PIE, the Paedophile Information Exchange) and coprophilia (the Dutch-based video-swap and pen-pal exchange Scat Club, British members of which were fearlessly prosecuted by our ever-vigilant moral guardians the police). The closest approach to such organizations is found in extreme libertarian and anarchist groups, whose support for, or at least non-condemnation of, animal-human sex arises from wider ideological and philosophical concerns.

But with the huge problems posed to the world by AIDS and overpopulation, there are perhaps some persuasive arguments to be added to those made by such groups in its favour. Bestiality, as one of the most obvious forms of 'forbidden' sex, has always been an element of the decadent lifestyle – the Rolling Stones' tax exile in the South of France added some odd stories about chickens to the Marianne Faithful "Mars bar" episode – if certainly at least as much in gossip and apocrypha as in reality<sup>1</sup>, but the search for interesting forms of safe sex prompted by AIDS would seem likely to give new impetus to the practice of this deviation. The world is sometimes, as you've probably noticed, an unpleasant place.

But is bestiality in itself necessarily part of what puts the unpleasantness there? Like anything else, if people can get away with it, they'll do it, if no suffering results (and does it necessarily?), it's difficult to see how the sexually open-minded can argue against it. Although it adds a fresh layer of meaning to this famous dictum, Mrs Patrick Campbell's sexual-acceptability rule-of-thumb "So long as they don't do it in the street and frighten the horses" applies as well here as it does to such practises as S&M and coprophilia. However, is bestiality, whether from its forbidden nature or otherwise, the ultimate sexual experience – the *sine qua non* of the CV of the dedicated deviationist? The Arabs, for one, have a saying that indicates that there may well be pleasures above and beyond those offered by the Animal Kingdom: "A boy is good; a camel is better, but a melon is paradise"<sup>2</sup>.

Watch out for the pips, though.

## Notes

1. I'd guess most people's top five would include some or all of the following: coprophilia, gerontophilia, necrophilia, paedophilia, zoophilia (zoo 'animal' + *philia* 'liking').
2. Most it would be pointless to reproduce here, but if the term is stretched to include limericks, these might be new

to some readers:

Two she-camels spied on a goat,  
And one jealously said, "You will note  
She leaves the Sheikh's tent  
With her tail oddly bent,  
And hanks of hair pulled out of her coat"

There was a young cleric named Phil,  
Who made all his neighbours quite ill  
When they learned of his habits  
With fluffy white rabbits,  
And a bird with a flexible bill.

3. Anyone wondering how Mannix unearthed this tasty *morceau* of classical history will find a possibly eye-opening answer in the books notes, in which he states: "In describing how Carphorus trained the animals that had relations with women, I used Apuleius and also the techniques mentioned by a Mexican gentleman I met in Tia Juana who was making 16mm stag films on the subject."
4. Fawn Brodie, *The Devil Drives*, ch. 5, pg. 50 of the 1986 Eland paperback.
5. John Hanning Speke (1827-64), discoverer of the source of the Nile on his and Burton's 1857 expedition, seems to have had a very peculiar sexual psychology indeed, partly expressed, however, through the socially acceptable medium of hunting: he was particularly fond of slaughtering pregnant female animals, and then dining on the foetuses.
6. Dolmancè is an important character in de Sade's *Philosophie dans le Boudoir*.
7. Colin Wilson, *The Misfits*, ch. 7, pg. 148, of the 1988 Grafton paperback.
8. Another story tells of a meeting on the Isle of Wight with Swinburne, "who was living on the sea-coast in a field tent alone with a monkey dressed as a woman." It is impossible to be certain whether the story is true or not, but some details – the monkey was also said to prepare and serve his meals – tend to suggest the latter. (See ch. 8, pg. 148-15- of Philip Henderson's *Swinburne: Portrait of a Poet*, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1974.)
9. pg. 239
10. Even sicker, perhaps, are the possibilities raised by the Ragdoll cat, which has been bred to grow limp when picked up.
11. Greek *zoon* "animal" + *erôtês* "lover"
12. "There's this Australian millionaire, dear, about fifty, who gets about eight of us up to 'is 'otel, then we strip down to the stockin's and 'igh 'eels and 'e takes off everything! Then he gives us each an 'en pheasant's tail feather to stick up the arse - 'ell of a job keepin' it in there it is because we 'ave to walk around in a circle - then, would you believe it, dear, 'e stands in the middle with a cock pheasant's feather up his own arse and sprinkles corn on the fuckin' carpet[ . . . ] Well, 'e stands there, kind of crown' or whatever the 'ell cock pheasants do, and we all

'ave to kinda peck at the fuckin' corn. . . it's amazin' really, he shoots off right there all by 'isself in the middle of the circle. We never 'ave to touch 'im." Prostitute's story from David Niven's *The Moon's a Balloon* (ch. 3, pg. 48 of the 1971 Hodder paperback).

13. My source for this at least vaguely believable practice is a pornographic novel whose title I've forgotten; the only other sexual use of insects I've encountered is that of the powdered bodies of the *Cantharides* fly (better known as Spanish fly), which act as a highly dangerous genitourinary irritant - this particular "aphrodisiac" was responsible for one of the Marquis de Sade's closer brushes with the law

14. One such attack was reported by po-faced meeja persons to have taken place in the village of Upham. Jungian synchronicity, or evidence of a sense of humour in the perpetrator(s)?

15. Ozzy Osborne: "There's a scum-bag hotline in rock'n'roll that thrives on others' misfortunes. 'Did you hear the one about so-and-so? He was found with a gerbil up his arse.'"

16. Or is it: "A camel is good; a boy is better; but a melon etc."? I can never remember.

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it's time to be heading off home — "Fuck off home you bunch of fucking bastards. Fucking cunts" After a short time, John will disappear as quickly as he appeared, irrespective of whether he has actually cleared the place (though it isn't his job to do so anyway).

A John the Jannie fact: He is known for doing very grand intro's on the piano, although he always follows them with *Danny Boy*, the only song he knows. [Dave promises to forward a John the Jannie video soon — Eds.]

Dave Martin, Edinburgh

As soon as the summer temperature rises it seems that every loon around gets out their plastic carrier bag and sets off on public transport to add that small dose of something special to my day.

On one such day, I was waiting at a train station. All of a sudden there was a clanging and battering and a terrible wailing noise. Naturally enough, everyone turned in the direction of the din. The British Rail goods lift was wide open and plunging out of it was this woman, arms waving madly and spluttering hysterically. She must have only been in her thirties but was wearing one of those god-awful crêpe-like flowery print dresses that wouldn't have looked out of place on an 85 year old in a rest home. And she had the fattest butt I'd seen for a long time. I realised with relief when she swerved to my left that she wasn't coming at me at all, but was careering madly towards a staff room door. She banged on it, all the time shrieking, and then ran off — arms flailing above her head, tears running down her face — to the next official looking door. She started hammering madly on that and about four or five others along the way, then just ran off down the stairs. One of the staff ran after her, obviously thinking she was some kind of a prankster, and even from the platform you could still hear her wailing. More wailing followed and through careful eavesdropping I learned that her husband, outside the station, was disabled and she didn't know how to use the lift to get him to the platform (despite having just arrived herself via the lift . . .). And then she began screaming at one of the guards at the top of her voice totally incoherently — "Aah . . . no, no, no, you can't do this . . . Oh God . . . No, No, No, No, No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no . . ." You could even hear her screaming from behind the closed lift doors as the guard escorted her in fetching her husband. When the lift doors opened again same five minutes later, a red-faced guard stormed onto the platform followed by the big-butt woman pushing a wheelchair. In it sat a dilapidated showroom mannequin, naked except for a hat. The maddest thing was, as she made her way down the platform, she yelled, "You think they'd not leave people like us waiting — we've only got 25 minutes to catch the train!"

Here's the latest batch of Crazy sightings.  
Keep 'em coming Elvis.

*The Brownsman:* During the warmer months of the year (if there are any), Princes Street Gardens in Edinburgh is a popular place for the masses to sit/lie about soaking up the sun. Of course, as in any public gardens, canoodling couples are dotted all over the place. This is where the Brownsman — in his brown suit — comes in. Searching the gardens, the Brownsman would locate and sit very close to any unsuspecting couple (or single woman). Next — the important part — he would roll over onto his side and directly face the frolicking couple (mere feet away). He would be content to stay like this for as long as the couple remained . . . often a remarkably long time. When they eventually did leave, the Brownsman would search out a fresh display to savour, and repeat the exercise. Every rain-free day of the summer, no matter what day of the week, a sighting of this curious brown-suited man was almost guaranteed — though he would curtail his activities around 5pm (to get home for the wife we suspect).

So what is the Brownsman up to nowadays? Well, the total lack of sightings these past two years have led us to believe he is no more. Perhaps he has moved to a better climate (all-year round canoodling . . .). Or, perhaps he's been locked away (surely we weren't the only people to work out what he was up to in those pockets of his)?

*John the Jannie:* For years now, this OAP has turned up at the end of the night in a club/gig venue that is part of the Edinburgh college. At 4am, he will appear out of nowhere, pint in hand, telling people (male, female, punter or staff)

The great thing about this particular day is that the flow of mad people didn't stop there — there were two more insane women yet to come. My train was announced — I'd been leaning against one of those machines that sells a little tin of sugary water for 60p and a woman came up to me asking me how much the drinks were. I very politely pointed at the price sign and went to sit on the train. From my window I saw her put some money in and then bang the machine with her fist. The next time I saw her she was getting on the train — guess what? — to sit next to me. The guard on the platform was just about to blow his whistle when she sprang out of her seat and hurled herself to the door — "I just need to put another 10p into the can-machine — I do like Coca-Cola," she said, "... Wait for me." She jumped out of the train, ambled across to the machine, put in her money and took her can out then ambled just as slowly back and sat next to me again. She had a can of pop (why is it fat women always drink diet everything?) in one hand and in the other was a family sized bar of Galaxy. Even before the train had a chance to set off she'd taken all the wrappers off the chocolate, and chucked them onto the floor, thereby allowing all the chocolate to quickly melt on her lap. She opened her can, took one gulp then got up, put it on the seat and went to sit somewhere else. I sat the whole of that journey holding onto the can to stop it spilling all over me.

Finally as I was on the last stretch of the journey I heard a woman's voice say very loudly — "Is she good in bed then, she looks the kind of girl who would be very good in bed." Everyone in the carriage turned around. Mad woman number three was talking to a young couple, asking them about their baby daughter's sleeping habits. Every now and again she'd say something really loud and embarrassing — "Does she wet her knickers?" — "Gorgeous, gorgeous, gorgeous" etc. She eventually got up to get off. She'd been standing by the door not bothering to press the 'Open' button while the train had been stationary, but once it started moving she banged on the door screaming "Let me out, let me out — I don't care if your daughter is pregnant — let everyone get pregnant — I want to get off — I have to play football." In the end she got off at the next stop, full of curses, and shook her fist as we drove off. Mad dogs and English women go out in the mid day sun.

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**Joanne Mellers, Southampton**

I used to think this man had a really stylish black hat. I passed him one day in the street and thought 'that's not a hat'. Then I thought it was a ridiculous, ill-fitting, jet black wig. Now I know it's neither, but masking tape — looks like a whole roll of black tape wrapped around his head, with little tufts of his hair sticking out here and there. When I thought he was window shopping one day, he was

actually sticking little pieces of paper onto a shop window — tearing strips and licking them. He didn't finish the word/s before being cleared off.

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**Kevin Balm, Lancaster**

I have known the street crazies of three cities. In every case, these individuals were given names appropriate to their appearance, obsessions, or imagined attributes something like the names of accomplishments given after rites of passage in traditional cultures.

For a brief time in Knoxville there was a man whose hair was so matted and tangled that it didn't just form dreds, the dreds themselves were ensnared, forming two large flaps on each side of his head and one small one just to the right of the front. He was called alternately Plank Head or Paddle Head. Paddle Head kept to himself mostly, but once in a while he would get extremely agitated and run all over campus. The last time I saw him he was running back and forth across the main drag at the university, sometimes switching direction half-way across. His clothes were not just tattered but partially burned, as if he had just stepped out of a blast site.

When I went to Kansas City, Missouri to visit my brother in college I saw The Walking Dude aka The Ultra Creator. I saw him in a parking lot, running very quickly in an obvious patterned way. He seemed tied to moving objects around him: if a car passed, he would run parallel to it until another object (sometimes unseen) would overpower that draw and he would run parallel to the second force. The rules of this relation to moving objects was complex, sometimes demanding that he keep his head pointed in the direction he was going when his body ran in another direction, or even sideways running or backwards. He did this all over the city, and that's why he was called The Walking Dude. He earned his name Ultra Creator through an encounter on a bus with a friend of my brother's. The Ultra Creator was listening to a headset radio, but not any particular station. He kept the tuning knob in constant motion, scanning all the frequencies. If a person sat too close to him he would make them move, saying they were blocking his reception: thus, The Ultra Creator.

Here in Portland I've seen two different men on different days fighting unseen assailants on the same bridge, but even more astounding is The Cat Pusher Couple. The Cat Pusher herself is Asian, middle-aged, and always wears exceptionally tacky clothes of gold-coloured plastic, hats with exaggerated feathers, lots of make-up etc. In front of her she pushes a two-wheeled grocery cart. In the cart are two very, very, unhappy full-grown cats, wearing little kitty sweaters and leashes made of yarn. I think Cat Pusher makes them face forward and sit up because I've never seen them any other way. The cats

never face each other and always have their ears back. Once I saw them make a break for it; it was like two rockets on chains, unstoppable motion at the exact full length of their leashes, moving in every direction that was away from each other and from Cat Pusher. But their leashes were tied to the cart, and Cat Pusher patiently reeled them back in like fish. Completing the nomadic Cat Pusher Couple is Suitcase Complainer. Suitcase Complainer always follows a good eight feet behind Cat Pusher, always carrying a suitcase, and always complaining quietly. "Why did you make us come out here? Why didn't you get that yesterday?" All his words are questions that revolve around Cat Pusher. I've never seen her answer or acknowledge him. I usually see them a block away from my house near a grocery store or downtown

Trevor Blake, Oregon

Thanks also to Allen Jones and BFS who forwarded Crazy Guy observations. Send your true stories, crazy photos, old toys and other items of interest to our usual address; HEADPRESS PO BOX 160, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4ET, Great Britain

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## COMPETITIONS

**Prizes: 3 T-shirts to give away. These are exclusive Schramm film crew T-shirts. Only 70 made and never offered for sale.**

**Also 3 copies of SEX MURDER ART: The Films of Jorg Buttgerit.**

1. Name one of the principal characters in Nekomantik.
2. Name another.
3. Monika M. first appeared in which movie?

**We have 3 copies of Simon Whitechapel's debut novel The Slaughter King up for grabs.**

**Answer the following questions and be lucky.**

1. Name the Hillside Strangler.
2. Name his accomplice.
3. Who killed Cock Robin?

### SAVOY COMP ANSWERS

1. Michael Rooker
2. Charles Manson
3. Stan Brakhage
4. Fritz Haarmann
5. Sean Manchester
6. Arthur Askey

**sick sick sick**



**problems, pain, anguish?**

Headpress, PO Box 160, Stockport,  
Cheshire, SK1 4ET, Great Britain.

□ Here's a photo I took in England (Jan 93) while I was staying in the Finsbury Park area. A driver's school called Satanas??!

Bill Babouris, Greece



□ You might not be interested to know that I have never spoken to any Vale or Juno.

And the thing about my left arm is not completely true - I only burned out the nerves. No further operations have been taken and I don't take any drugs. The reason for burning out the nerves was to make my hand sensationless. I now travel the Underground circuit burning, breaking, flogging and - for a 100% bonus - cutting pieces off my left hand. Why would I let my arm fall off? What a silly idea

How dare you call me a prankster.

Geo X., London

*Last issue we carried an 'interview' with an ex-employee of the Ministry of Defence who, it was alleged in the piece, now spent his days exploring the 'infinite possibilities of the human body, using himself as guinea pig for improvement'. It seems he does indeed, but not to*

*the point where he would allow his burned-out left arm to actually drop off, as previously stated.*

□ Some comments on No. 6 - Swinburne, there's a track on the Fugs first album called *The Swinburne Stomp* credited to A. C. Swinburne/Ed Sanders, consisting of a reading over a beat/bongo's backing - If Ed (*The Family*) Sanders rates the guy that's good enough for me! U.F.O.'s feature was interesting & quite a departure from your (un)usual fields of interest. Wheezer McTeague is the man on the lavvy with his lowdown on stools, great stuff. Toilet humour is big all over the world but goes down well in the good old UK. The body modification piece reads like a piece of science fiction but may well be the truth, sounds crazy enough ... Who knows what they have in store for us!

K. A. Beer, Derbyshire.

□ Thank you for the latest issue of *Headpress*. The more I read, the more I wish I'd found you much earlier. Every article in #6 was top-notch. As you've seen, I printed some of the same topics you did - what amazes me is that anyone making a *real* magazine like yours can get away with it. *OVO* was for my own entertainment, and I never expected it to amount to much. *Headpress* seems to have much more to lose (at least financially) than I ever did. I hope it continues to work out for you! Congratulations on finding an audience.

The interview with Geo. X ... I don't believe it!  
Trevor Blake, Oregon, USA.

*Trevor has contributed to this issue's Mad World. He also produces his own publication OVO. More details on how to obtain it in the culture guide.*

□ Congrats on *Headpress* #5, my favourite issue to date. Great bit on The Sunset Strip Murders. A bit of trivia even though I was born and lived the first five years of my life in San Francisco, I was pretty much raised in San Rafael, the technical location of San Quentin. Also, I was enrolled in UCLA from 1979 to 1981. My college buddies and I used to hit some of the strip clubs on Sunset Strip during that time - never ran into Doug, 'Jack', or Carol, though

Anthony Petkovich, San Leandro, USA.

*Anthony has contributed 'Vomitus Maximus' this issue.*

□ Hope that you noticed one of the blokes from Therapy? wearing a *Headpress* T-shirt on the cover of *Melody Maker*. Maybe W. H. Smiths will be enquiring about stocking *Headpress* in the future!

Michael Pierson, London.

# HEADPRESS GUIDE TO ESSENTIAL MODERN CULTURE

Space restricts us from covering everything that has come our way these past few months. Keep us posted, however, and those we missed will get a mention next time.

**It Wasn't a Shark and It Wasn't a Barracuda Dept.**

□ *Burnt Slug* is a prose zine (whoops). The continuing (mis)adventures of Alice in Wonderlands, a whacked-out punkette with a teddy bear, anarchist existentialism with bad drawings. Issue #1 must have sold a packet because you get it 'free' with issue #2, along with a 'free' 7" single - Jack Geek sings *Caveman Blues*. Awful. £3.50 (inc p&p). Rikki Hollywood, 62 Stanhope Road, Greenford, Middx, UB6 9EA.

*Gray Areas* has a whole lot on Grateful Dead and Little Feat (mainly bootleg recordings), plus an interview with Candida Royalle, a piece on urine testing and a girlie girl's visit to Jim Morrison's grave. "They stare solemnly at the stone waiting for something to happen." Well worthy of a look. We have issue #2, but suspect there might be more. \$9.00 (inc p&p). Gray Areas Inc., PO Box 808, Broomall, PA 19008-0808, USA.

*Critical Wave* may be simple looking, but is however a comprehensive European review of the Sci-Fi and fantasy scene - the only one you need subscribe. Issue #30 has Bob Shaw, Peter F. Hamilton, and a wealth of TV, video and book news £1.95 (inc p&p). Critical Wave Publications, 845 Alum Rock Road, Ward End, Birmingham, B8 2AG.

Buy issue #10 of *Scott Russo's Jizz* because it's got an hilarious dig at fellow underground comic artists. Droolie Douche squirts menstrual blood all over Chestnut Brown (and another caricature but we're not sure who. Pop goes our cred.). One of the best and funniest comicbooks in a long time. "Le sang!!!" Bitter and twisted, Mr Russo. \$2.50. Fantagraphics Books, so it should be in shops everywhere. Except Canada.

Russo is interviewed in *Moral Sense* #2, 52 pages of Budget Rock Bullshit. We actually dropped our copy in the Headpress bath, so bare with us on this one. Conversation with Billy Childish of Thee Headcoats, Cristina and Jon Spencer, ex of Pussy Galore, art by Jay Taylor, and lotsa reviews. Taste in rekkids & books is on the dotted line, no fear. Spend your £1.00 (inc p&p). Dept RHJ, c/o PO Box 265, Manchester, M60 1FY.

*OVO* is a fine A5 zine brimming with lots n' lots of good stuff. Each issue is themed (science, control, travel,

mayhem, suffering, words . . .) much like this 'un in your hands. #10 includes an interview with Ginger Hutton "a friend of mine who works in a used bookstore"!, tips on how to be a successful serial killer and a detailed dissection of Peter Sotos' *PURE*. #13 (travel) has pictures of bicycles and interviews with a auto accident victim and a magician who can travel out of his body. Highly recommended. Send only \$10 for 6, yes six, back issues. US money order or cheque with US clearing bank payable to Trevor Blake. OVO, PO BOX 2321, Portland, Oregon 97208-2321. USA.

You're not gonna like *Henry 157*. Unless, of course, you like murder stuff and offensive fotos. Issue #2 focuses on the Jonestown massacre. We hear editor Damien Drake was advised to pull the centrespread he had originally intended: a cut up broad, next to which read 'Miss September'. Instead he has JFK on the slab with his brain hanging out. No price listed. Department 157, 71 New Oxford Street, London, WC1A 1DG.

'Sellers of Unusual Books' is something of an understatement when it comes to Loompanics. Their most recent *Main Catalog* is now available, 280-pages. Categories include everything from Fake ID to Revenge to Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll. You simply will not find many of the books contained herein *anywhere* else. You know, Information Only titles like *How To Make Disposable Silencers*, *The Poisoner's Handbook*, *How To Cheat On Your Wife and Not Get Caught*, *The Big Book of Secret Hiding Places*, *Kill Without Joy*, *The Complete How to Kill* book. Fabulous. What's more, many of the essays that have appeared in the *Main Catalog* over the years - and some that haven't - can now be found under one cover, in *Loompanics' Golden Records*. Thought-provoking, humorous, sometimes frightening, over 40 pieces, 200 pages. These include 'The Gulf 'War' and the Spectacle', fiction by G.J. Schaefer, strips by Ace Backwards, 'The Anti-Sex League', Jim Rose and his circus, 'How To Survive Prison', comicbook censorship. . . We really don't think you can afford to be without either of these. *Main Catalogue* \$5.00. *Golden Records* \$14.95. (Check for rates.) Loompanics Unlimited, PO Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368, USA.

Certainly one of the more entertaining and eclectic of the A5 fanzines (a genre unto itself) is *Invasion of the Sad Man-Eating Mushrooms*. Once you get past the title, you'll find pieces on the Buttman video series, an appreciation of the actor John Steiner, plenty movie reviews, and a proposed Nick Zedd interview that stops dead on the *Invasion* letters page. 'Your 'questions' are inane. You assholes can go fuck yourselves' - Zedd. Of course, all this is negated somewhat by yet another Clive Barker retro. £1.50 (p&p inc). *Invasion*, PO Box 7, Upminster, Essex, RM14 2RH.

*HOAX* gets better with each issue. Crammed to bursting point with plots, pranks and general anarchistic behaviour. Issue three looks at graffiti, Orson Welles' *War of the*

Worlds pants-shitter radio broadcast, LSD, and a little spot on the inside cover you can lick to see if 'you are one of the lucky 23!' We would have tried ours but the postman left a tacky gob of saliva there. AUX, 64 Beechgrove, Aberhonddu, Powys, Cymru, UK, LD3 9ET.

You wouldn't think it, but the World has only one Bruce Campbell themed fanzine. *Bruce on a Stick* is devoted to he of the *Evil Dead*'s. Bruce news, Bruce sightings, an interview, and a free Bruce paper doll makes up the premiere issue. Video reviews of other movies are also included. Editor Tyler also used to take photos of Wings Hauser off the TV screen. Is that safe? And digs Burt Reynolds. Too many kisses for our liking. \$2.00 (p&p extra). T.R. Ferrara, c/o This Disaster Fanzine, PO Box 416, Tarrytown, New York, 10591, USA.

*ANSWER Me!* issue #2 has interviews with Al Goldstein, David Duke (the most hated man in America), Anton LaVey (his first in a long time), Ray Dennis Steckler, the Geto Boys. And, as if that wasn't enough, pieces on Vietnamese gangs in America, ugly Mexican magazines, and world murder personalities. Great. Edited and published by Jim Goad, *ANSWER Me!* oozes so much loathing its a wonder the thing doesn't send a shiv into your eye. \$2.50 (+p&p). Goad to Hell Enterprises, 6520 Selma Avenue, Suite 1171, Hollywood, CA 90028, USA. Some highly-charged photo fiction, 'The Interview', opens Olympia Press' *Pleasure Bound International* magazine. That's the New Year Special '93 edition. The centre piece compiles the best of a recent photo-shoot - the exquisite Tania, 'on the ropes' in the *PBI* lounge. £12.00 (inc p&p). Olympia Press International Ltd., Caxton House, Old Station Road, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, PO38 1DX. Olympia are also publishers of erotic novels. One of their latest, *A Well Matched Pair* by George Holland, has two sisters suffering the 'humiliation of corporal punishment' at the hands of their respective husbands. '... *fingerfuck my smelly wet cunt ... you fucking dirty horny bastard* ...' £10.00 (in p&p). Write for a free list.

The Masquerade Book Society Newsletter covers all forms of sexual pleasure (particularly in the form of book reviews. ...) and always manages to come up with something keen. March/April was illustrated throughout with the photowork of Richard Kern. May/June has 'An Anarchist Defense of Pornography'. Bimonthly, for subscribers only, \$30.00 will get you six issues and two Masquerade books of your choice. Masquerade Books, 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017, USA. What can we say about Simon Whitechapel's debut novel *The Slaughter King* (£7.95) other than *buy it now!* Headpress contributor Whitechapel has produced a cracking hardcore tale following the titular serial killer as he cuts his way from victim to victim pursued by a lesbian cop and her dyke lover. Suitably excessive in sex and violence and already acclaimed as "the next *Wasp Factory*." See ad for availability.

*Lambs to the Slaughter* (Ted Oliver & Ramsay Smith,

£4.99, Warner paperbacks) is a thoroughly disturbing true crime study of the paedophile murder case surrounding Jason Swift and Barry Lewis in the mid-80s. The fiction of de Sade becomes reality as six-year-old Lewis is snatched from the street and held in a high-rise block of council flats. The kidnappers spread the word, and their paedophile cohorts arrive for the party - "Barry's party," as they call it - and take turn to sodomize the child. Grim reading indeed.

Hodder and Stoughton have Brian Master's definitive Dahmer investigation *The Shrine of Jeffrey Dahmer* (£14.99). Well written but uncompromisingly bleak including some odd theories as to why the guy did what he did - a groin operation as a child for instance!

Nemesis publishing is now well established with a selection of indispensable titles. First out was a reprint of Paul Wood's own *Ed Gein, Psycho* (£5.99) - rather poorly laid out but with additional material. Ed Sander's investigation into the Manson clan *The Family* (£9.99) is a worthy second publication. Revised, updated and illustrated with stills from Jim Van Beber's film *Charlie's Family* it proves to be a powerful testament written with genuine insight. Still on the true crime scene comes *Knockin' on Joe* (£7.50), a collection of writings from behind the bars of death row cells. Edited by Sondra London - she married contributing author Danny Rolling who is currently facing the death penalty for the slaughter and mutilation of five students - with writings from Otis Toole, Gerard Schaefer, Robert Fieldmore Lewis, Mark DeFriest and others, *Knockin' on Joe* is destined to become a classic. Get it.

**Maybe His Head Just Got Loose & Fell Off, Dept.**

□ Those of you who thought Eugene Chadbourne had imploded, you've got another thing coming. *Terror Has Some Strange Kinfolk* (Alternative Tentacles) has the ol' Chad teaming up with Evan Johns, and kicking the dirt. Wow. This is really something. Possibly the album of the year. Banjo licks and some dandy fine guitar work. No power assisted steering here, *Terror* takes on board R&B, C&W, hits on a couple of big ones and cuts its own mighty path. More twinsts than Cleopatra's Needle - essential. (VIRUS 119/CD.)

Derby pop and rock trio bivouac, have, on their debut album *Tuber* (Elemental Records), several glorious moments. Alas, the rest of the thing goes crashing about the ankles, flailing between keen pop sensibilities and ramrodding guitar feedback. This is post-grunge at its most puzzling. How can an album that kicks off with one such as *Good Day Song* - a sliver of sheer blissful noise make no mistake - become so stoic? (ELM 11/CD.)

Mr Postie actually folded our copy of Grotus' *Slow Motion Apocalypse* to fit it through the mail box (after he licked HOAX?)

*Watching Satan* is a 90 minute cassette of Manson song covers and other assorted bric-a-brac. The late G.G. Allin pokes his weeny in *Garbage Dump*, Lord Litter (who he?) is responsible for the marvellous *Charlie* ... This is



Sharon (this should be on *Wavy Gravy*), and the Las Animas conjure the beautiful *I'll Never Say Never To Always*. Of course, they're all interspersed with mad Manson's mumbblings. (*Mr Charlie's Birthday* - who are these people?!?) Nicely packaged in a full colour sleeve, complete with *Watching Sakan* mini poster. £5.00/\$8.00 (p&p inc). Hypertonia, JR Bruun, PO Box 4307, 5028 Bergen, Norway. Send for a list of other cool junk.

Three singles from Alternative Tentacles: *Disgraceland* affords a quick glimpse of Zeni Geva before they shoot off to record their new album, *Desire for Agony*. Surprisingly mellow (for Null and the boys), *Disgraceland* has fidget guitar progression and the customary scary Jap vocals. A monolithic fade out groove allows for some classic wonkiness. Flip it over for *Autobody*, which is faster. (VIRUS 127.) First release from Porch (a trio, ex of Primus, Sister Double Happiness and Samiam) is *Expectorant* c/w *Iceberg*. Agit-popsters from San Francisco with a stranglehold on Television and Josef K, *Expectorant* is a crazy couple of minutes to be sure. Imagine tossing your Les Paul down a mine shaft at full volume, that's some idea how this thing pulls itself together. (VIRUS 126.) We've been waiting for this. The timely re-release of the Dead Kennedys *Nazi Punks Fuck Off*. Complete with a Fuck Off armband (or headband, we're pretty liberated), this 66 second noise bite (first issued in 1981) still refuses to take any prisoners. (VIRUS 6.)

Two 7" slivers out on Stomach Ache Records (a bogus label with a bogus address - what's the point in that?) are Brian Ruryk's *Out Gutter Explosion*, and Steeple Snakes' *Milk of Dried Mountain Goats* EP. Both play at any RPM and contain about 13 tracks per side which is always a sinister sign, if you ask us. Ruryk is (guitar) noise (we mean that most sincerely), while Steeple Snakes has the upper edge with several loose loops.

#### Your Cassettes are destroying innocent people...

*Death Scenes II* is a shit-kickin' death trip from Nick *Murders, Mobsters and Madmen* Bougas. This compilation goes beyond the parameters defined by its prequel *Death Scenes* with its inclusion of live footage and glorious colour! Difficult to take in one sitting, here we see war atrocities as victims are tortured and murdered, shot in the head, the face, the butt. Footage of Budd Dwyer doing his thing and segments culled from the Jap compilation *Shocks* tends to alleviate the gloom because of their familiarity. The shocking death of Vic Morrow is shown from every conceivable angle as he struggles with two children only to end up in the blades of a helicopter. The police photos of the Tate/LaBianca victims in full colour, invariably red. Dahmer's filing-cabinet contents of head, hands and genitals. Pathology shots of victims cut in two or headless or burned or eaten. Heads sliced down the middle are opened like books. The final shot is guaranteed to have you joining the anti-abortion campaign as a surgical instrument probes and digs in a leaking vagina. The removal of the tool is followed by the severed head of

a well-formed infant. Definitely not a party tape.

*Archive Emetica* has been passed uncut by the BBFC. Congratulations to Damon Barr for getting it through. All you folk need do now is purchase a copy so look for the ad elsewhere in this issue. Not only is it a vitriolic piece of underground cinema but it's real cheap too!

Electric Pictures have *Henny*. *Portrait of a Serial Killer* due for sell-through soon. Despite the near two minutes of cuts it still remains a sledgehammer of a movie. Other titles from Electric include the contemporary classic from down under, *Ghosts of the Civil Dead* (£15.99), a prison movie with the bite of a rattle-snake (check out the porn movie playing on the cell's TV sets - none other than *Forced Entry*!); Scorese's brilliant DeNiro springboard *Mean Streets* (£19.99) is re-released with its original music track and a special booklet for the aficionados. Boxed and essential, buy it tomorrow. If your viewing tastes require something less severe, then try the latest releases in the Buñuel collection, *The Milky Way* (£15.99) follows two Parisian down-and-outs who's journey to Spain becomes a outlandish, event-filled pilgrimage and *Tristana* (£15.99) in which Catherine Deneuve plays an orphan placed in the care of lecherous Fernando Rey, only to be rescued by Franco Nero.

Rick Baylor's *The Holy Trinity* (£7.00 - R. Baylor, PSC 41, Box 1621 APO AE 094464, USA) is a compilation of his earlier work plus a strange new short *My Funny Valentine*. Rick is currently putting the finishing touches to his latest opus dealing with the true case of Doug Clark and Carol Bundy, disclosed in an earlier issue of *Headpress*.

Vipco just might save the world. Several releases of late have been pure gold. Long gone were thought to be the days when legit video releases could come up anything unsavoury. Well, Vipco have pulled it off at least thrice in as many months. Alongside the more accessible re-releases, they have come up with some truly magnificent Grade-Z schlockers. James Aviles Martin's *Flesh-Eating Mothers* is a town gone mad. The local jack, playing the field, has reaped a strange harvest. Mothers everywhere have contracted "a strange virus" and are devouring their kin. This quirky excuse to show blood-letting - lots of it - seems uncertain whether to go for laughs or play it for keeps. The (very short) pathologist can't act a damn, but the filmmakers subtly turn a potential disaster into an asset. And any movie that gets away with graphic infanticide is worth a look. Bill Hinzman's *Zombie Nosh* has a graphic infanticide, a virtual remake of *Night of the Living Dead*. "I bet these woods get pretty damn scary at night," says one guy, missing only 'Victim' scrawled across his forehead. "What about that old farmhouse we passed?" says another. Brutalities, like hands being thrust through the chest cavities of co-eds, made us think the BBFC were out of the room when this one was playing. Flesh-ripping abounds, yet *Zombie Nosh* gets passed uncut while Vipco's re-release of that old 'nasties' standard, *Night of the*

*Bloody Apes*, is hacked to ribbons. Ugly Joe in Patrick J Mathews' *The Nostril Picker*, wanders small-town America ogling the young girls going to school. He so wants to get in their pants that he learns an ancient "gook" secret, one that allows him to become female in appearance (while the viewer gets to snill see him as Joe, oh good). Of course, this gender-changing eventually upsets his mental condition, and he kills . . . sometimes attacking with a dildo. A latterday *Dr Jekyll and Sister Hyde*, this 1988 picture is truly whacked. Francis Teri's *Sewage Baby* (orig title *The Suckling*), however, is the prize in this bunch. Tasteless, claustrophobic and often stylish, it tells the story of a brothel and its sideline in backstreet abortion. One foetus, flushed down the can, hits some toxins around the U-bend, mutates, and comes back for its mother. The premise may be awful, but is executed with such strangeness . . . Some membrane thing wraps itself around the brothel, keeping everyone trapped inside; pointless dream sequences, butt-reaming humour; a prosthetic thing (always a mistake) that roams the basement; and tempers that flair. There's even a little stop-motion animation (cheesier than *Basket Case*) as the 'baby' finds its mother and returns to the womb. Also keep an eye out for Vipco's *Grave of the Vampire* (Michael Pataki!), *Midnight* (John Russo's spastic remodel of every horror flick you care to imagine, but starring Lawrence Tierney), *Shockwaves* (the Gestapo's undead Death Corps return from the bottom of the ocean to chase a group of idiots round an island, one of whom decides to hide in an oven. Subtle), *Vault of Horror* (undeniably the better of Roy Ward Baker's anthology pictures, if not the best of the rest. The Tom Baker episode is a true classic), (Rod Hardy's) *Thirst* (if you can forgive the opening sequence, this is a kind of *The Prisoner* meets *A Boy and his Dog* by way of *Suspina* - clever, maddening, maybe too big for its own boots?), (Michael Laughlin's) *Human Experiments* (aka *Dead Kids*) has a Tangerine Dream soundtrack while the clinic on the hill holds the answers. Perhaps Vipco's marketing of Norman J. Warren's *Inseminoid* leaves a lot to be desired. Available in a special widescreen edition, we don't believe it to be 'The Sci-Fi bunk-up of all time!', indeed *Inseminoid* is excellent, atmospheric and genuinely chilling. Also in scope is Fulci's *Zombie Flesh Eaters*. Beautiful, makes you almost weep that anyone should want to snip at it. In the aftermath of the split from his band, Jason (Robin Askwith) decides to cut his losses and go on a holiday. The 'Hairy Holidays' agency recommend a few days in the country at Britlehurst Manor. At the Manor, Dr Storm (Michael Gough) performs brain operations on gullible and unknowing hippies. . . *Horror Hospital* (1973) marks a kind of 'spirit of the age' production. Stylistically, it is built around voluptuous flared pants and afghan coat shots, which culminate in the arrival of Abraham (Kurt Christian), a cool guy who has come to find his hippy chick. He swaggers up the tree lined path in that archetypal 70s-man manner, chewing a leaf as the jolly soundtrack music plays

High drama it certainly isn't, but as a period piece for the growing mass of fashion revivalists *Horror Hospital* is unmissable. *Patrick* (1978) is a young man who, already unhinged, eavesdrops on his mum and 'friend' screwing. After electrocuting them in the bath he assumes victim status by remaining apparently unconscious, unfeeling. Then along comes his new nurse (Susan Penhaligon) And guess what - he's not so dumb after all - obnoxious yes, but no vegetable. He controls her typing, tries to injure her male friends, and attempts to alter her mind state, all from the comfort of his bed in Room 15. Not as modish as *Horror Hospital*, it's major beauty lies in the moments of unexplained behaviour - from nurse and doctor, as well as patient. The stern and impossible matron won't go into Patrick's room, but posts all newly recruited nurses there. The (mad) doctor grows rapidly more unbalanced as the film progresses, debating whether to kill, or not to kill Patrick (the ideal candidate for euthanasia). Lacking in stereotypes, exploitation or gore, *Patrick* - a movie based around a character who has no lines, no body language and no facial expression - is nevertheless rivetting [Joanne Mellers]

□ *Rage Video Vol II* - courtesy of *Rage* magazine and mailorder outfit - is a mixed bag of music promos and independent filmmaking, culminating with that Nick Zedd's *Police State*. Some of the music stuff is uninspiring. However, Israelvis is a funny name for a group, and Norge band Turtle Race swear a lot in pidgin-English - which is always good for a laugh (their *Soap Song* video is effective). Damon Barr and Marie-Anne Ferral (see last issue) have their *First Document* played. And some git walks the countryside in *Digitation*, and later through the city, in *Mintegration*. It's difficult to figure where *Rage Video II* is heading. No such worries with *Rage* magazine, however, with articles (in both Norwegian and English) on such luminaries as Zedd, Waters, Lunch, Greenaway, Kuchar, Henenlotter. Write: *Rage*, Postboks 2514, N-7001 Trondheim, Norway.

Drew Barrymore is back in *Doppelganger* (ITC), a 'psychological thriller' with not-so psychological visual effects towards the end (she turns inside-out). Holly (Drew) is suspected of killing her mother. She moves to L.A. and into the apartment of wannabe writer Patrick Unbeknownst, Holly has an 'evil twin', one of the reasons why Patrick finds his gorgeous flatmate so unpredictable. Dig the gratuitous dance scene, where Holly gets hot on the floor, and the dumb cop-out ending. Makes no sense. Blame Avi Nesher, also responsible for the dire *Timebomb*. ITC should stick to their nostalgia tapes with thoroughly enjoyable releases like the *Time Slip* TV series and, one of our favourites, *Fireball XLS*, all available on sell through for a few paltry quid.

send your material for review in the next *big sexyland* issue to the usual place. headpress, po box 160 stockport, cheshire, sk1 4et, great britain.

## Back Issues

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